

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 450,000 Copies Sold Every Week

September 13, 1941

Registered in Australia for transmission
by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3d



Vingil

Heart-stirring epic of Isles of Greece

Young heroes of the South give another Iliad to the world

By VALMA DORSET

"Without a sign, his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen, but his country's cause."...

These words of Homer, "herald of the heroes' valor," bridge the gap of thousands of years between the deeds of the legendary heroes of ancient Greece and young Australian warriors who are living another epic in those same isles of the Aegean Sea.

In Australia a new Homer will surely arise to thrill us with the heroism of the A.I.F. which parallels the valor of the Greeks of the Golden Age.

The story might come from a soldier who fought in Greece and Crete; it may come from a man who never saw the actions, but became inspired by the superb valor of the Australians—'young Greek gods from the South,' as one war correspondent called them.

It may be a woman who tells of the glory of the epic fighting of the A.I.F. in Greece and Crete.

Whoever writes it, and whenever it is written, it will be a story to stir the blood. Already the rough notes of the story are there—another Iliad such as Homer wrote, but not on crackling parchments or in rich calf volumes, but in terse official cables or in crumpled pencil notes... "our little boat sank as we reached the shore"... "we swam to the beach"... "we hid in caves till nightfall."

Although it is three months since the evacuation of Greece, A.I.F. soldiers, bearded and weary, are still rejoining their units after weeks of incredible adventures in these storied islands.

In caiques, broad little Greek fishing-boats, in luxury yachts, and little steamers



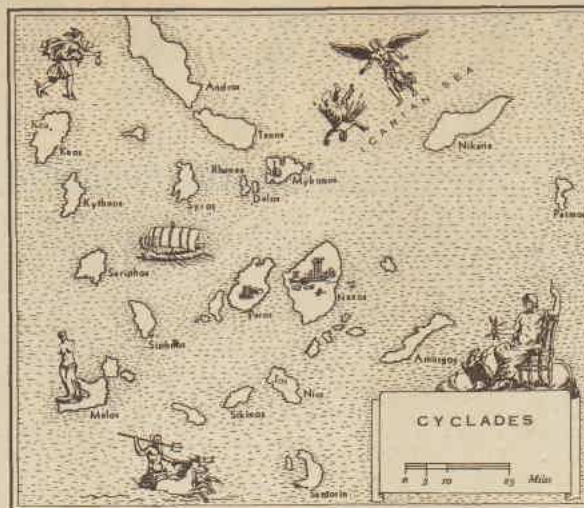
GREEK HERO
immortalised in
marble.

that carried provisions and tourists to the islands in peacetime, to-day's warriors have sailed the waters in which Aegea, Queen of the Amazons, perished, and Jason, Alexander and Ulysses sailed.

Long-limbed soldiers, accustomed to such prosaic place names as Kensington, Hurstville, Northcote, Paddington, Wayville, climb the steep path of rocky islands with exotic names—Santorin, Delos, where Apollo was born, Naxos, where



TO-DAY'S HERO
of the Isles of Greece,
a typical A.I.F.
soldier.



THE CYCLADES, the Isles of
Greece in the Aegean Sea, where
A.I.F. soldiers are creating a
modern Iliad.

providing their gala dish, octopus and onion.

Because it is supposed to have 41 lives, the octopus is flung on the rocks 41 times before it is judged fit for cooking.

Santorin is the most spectacular of the islands. Its harbor is a volcano crater, and the dark cliffs rise sheer from the water.

Australians who brought their little boats to shelter there would hear the patter of donkeys' hoofs on the zig-zagging paths that lead to the little villages on top of the cliffs.

In Santorin the houses and churches are built of lava blocks, and the poorer islanders hollow their homes out of lava rock and build a little porch in the front.

Roofs are made of volcanic cement, and it sets so quickly that in a few hours you can stamp on a roof three inches thick.

There are no trees on the islands, so there is little wood for houses. Wood is kept for the windmills that swing their huge canvas sails on every island.

Isle of churches

ON Mykonos there are nearly 600 churches for the Australians to explore. Many of the churches are just tiny chapels built by sailors in thanksgiving for rescue from storms.

The islanders are deeply religious. The little island of Syra is the seat of both the Catholic Bishop and the Archbishop of the Orthodox Greek Church.

But, in spite of their devout Christianity, the survivors of ancient Greece cling to many pagan beliefs.

They still believe in the evil eye, and all pigs, goats, asses and even children wear blue beads to protect them from this danger.

The new gods have been very self-conscious and embarrassed when islanders have expected them to carry posies of flowers.

They are probably even more embarrassed when, because they are often "blue-eyed travellers," they are asked to spit on a fine pig or a goat they have looked at to avert harmful results to the islanders' livestock.

The springtime is the outcome of a legendary miracle. When Apollo, the Sun God, was born on the island of Delos the island blossomed with flowers.

Spring brightness

IN the spring, too, the proud islanders, whose classic Greek physique has survived the influence of many invasions, whitewash their little cottages, paint the outside staircases, balconies, doors and window-frames in pink, blue, and green.

The islanders are poor. They exist by selling fish to the mainland.

Syros supplies the Athens market with flowers and fruit, Delos exports its melons, Anaphi produces aromatic honey.

But the islanders welcomed the new gods with flowers and food,



STEEP-CLIFFED HARBOR of Santorin, where caiques, similar to those in which the A.I.F. escaped from Greece, are sheltering.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MR. JUSTICE PIPER
... Arbitration head

RECENTLY sworn-in as Chief Judge of the Federal Arbitration Court, Mr. Justice Piper, at 47, is youngest man ever appointed head of Australia's most important arbitration tribunal. He was admitted to the Bar in South Australia at the age of 21. Since 1938 he has been on the Bench of the Commonwealth Arbitration Court. Served with the first A.I.F. Is chairman of Australian Red Cross Society.



MRS. F. HERD

... Tester's certificate
VICTORIA'S first woman herd-tester is Mrs. F. Herd, of Heidelberg. Her work involves visiting dairy farms to test milk for butterfat content to enable the farmer to build up an improved herd.

She obtained her tester's certificate after doing a course at the Victorian Milk-Testing Laboratories and passing a Department of Agriculture examination. Her husband is with the A.I.F. abroad.



PROFESSOR W. J. DAKIN
... Camouflage

Professor of Zoology, Sydney University, was recently appointed Australian Technical Director of Camouflage. His scheme for disguising military objectives is based on the nature camouflage of Australian birds and animals. Professor Dakin is president of the Science Graduates' Fighter Plane Group, which is raising £7000 to buy a Wirraway fighter plane.

Why not get a Lovely Figure for Spring

TO be able to dress inexpensively and always look smart get rid of that accumulated Winter fat. With the aid of Bile Beans you can reduce gradually until you become fashionably and healthily slim.

Besides removing fat-forming residue daily, Bile Beans bring you a clear skin, bright eyes, and radiant health.

So, to wear new Spring clothes with charm and distinction, take Bile Beans regularly — just a couple each night.



"My stage work makes it most important that I take care of my appearance. I keep my splendid health and my figure lovely and slim with the aid of Bile Beans. My skin, too, is clearer and fresher and I am ever so fit."

—Miss Joan Richards.
1/4 or 3/2 a box.

BILE BEANS

A YEAR IS LONG ENOUGH

By
**MARIAN
SIMS**

DENIS drew in his car to the kerb and stopped, not turning into the drive. He made his voice casual.

"Shall I go on in, or shall we walk from here?"

It's quieter to walk, was what he meant. Your mother would hear the car if we stopped it under her window.

Julie sat up with an effort, because she was limp with exhaustion, or perhaps with a leaden, dragging unhappiness. "Let's walk."

He came round and helped her out, pulled her arm through his and laced his fingers in hers. The house was a vague blot against the sky, its angled, pretentious ugliness softened and made bearable by night. I loathe this house, Julie realised. Nobody but a man like father could bear to live in it.

They went up the steps quietly, almost tiptoeing to the front-door. Like thieves, she thought defiantly, just because it's three o'clock in the morning. But her defiance shattered suddenly against the hard armor of her honesty. It's not just that, she admitted. I don't like it much better than mother and father would. Their disapproval comes from ignorance and mine comes from experience. That's the only difference.

"Got your key?" Denis whispered, with a sort of amused pessimism. She had a way of forgetting things. She fumbled in her bag before she answered him.

"Yes, I know you're disappointed."

"Not a bit. I'm very proud of you," Julie knew that he was smiling in the dark.

He took her in his arms and her breath caught in her throat. He couldn't kiss me like this if he didn't love me, she thought desperately. And knew that he could.

He let her go, finally, and she turned to fumble blindly at the lock.

"Here." There was an amused tenderness in his voice. "Give me that key."

"Thanks," she said shortly, and watched the door open softly under his hand.

A wedge of light from the hall etched his face sharply against the darkness and she added this picture of him to the score that lay already in the warehouse of her memory.

He stood smiling down at her. He had pitched their relationship in a certain key and always she tuned her mood to his. He liked to laugh, and she was amusing; he liked to dance, and she danced with him—effortlessly and perfectly.

"Well, Julie." His mouth brushed hers. "I'll see you sometime soon."

Tell me when! she wanted to scream. So that I'll have something to hold on to; so that I'll be able to get through to-morrow. But she nodded carelessly. "Good-night."

He turned away, and took her life and gaiety with him.

There was no sound behind her parents' door. Julie thanked heaven for that—but in her brother's room a light still burned.

Bill's companionship—anyone's companionship—became suddenly essential, and she tapped softly on his door.

He was lying in bed, reading, and his eyebrows went up in surprise.

"This is a nice time to be coming home," he said mildly. "The dance has been over since midnight."

"Yes. We went out to a roadhouse and danced." She crossed the room and sat on the edge of his bed.

Bill frowned in affectionate

solicitude. He was an angel; nothing shocked him as it shocked their parents. He knew everything in the world—and was resigned to it. Julie could always talk to Bill.

His eyes were gentle now. "You're pretty far gone about Cameron, aren't you, Julie?"

She bent her head.

"Does he know it?" Her head lifted. "He does not. And he won't—not unless I think it's safe for him to know. If that time ever comes."

"Got any idea how he feels?" Bill asked casually. "He hangs about here enough."

"I know he does. He comes here twice as often as he goes anywhere else. But that may be because I amuse him." He r mouth hardened.

Bill's heart ached for her.

"You might go soft and serious for a change," he suggested.



"It's ten o'clock and I'm hungry," Julie insisted plaintively as Denis smiled at her.

do with what they are; it's something that happens inside yourself." She looked squarely at him. "What do other men think about him, Bill? That's rather important."

"They like him and respect him," Bill said promptly. "He's a man, he's got a good job, and he'll have a better one. That's why your description of him doesn't quite make sense."

"I don't see why not. Most men like to 'relax' after hours, and that's their idea of relaxation. Reading or talking or—living don't count; those things don't take you out of yourself. You've got to keep moving and make a lot of noise. And I'm sick to death of it; I want something else when I marry. People used to 'marry and settle down,' but I can't see that any of my crowd have done that. I'm thinking," she finished abruptly, "of taking a secretarial course and getting a job."

Bill considered that possibility.

"You think that would solve the problem? I've got a job, and I still don't know the answer to everything."

"But you don't have as much time to worry. During the day you have to keep your mind on your work, and when night comes you're too tired to think. That ought to help a little."

Bill frowned. "Perhaps it does. Well—run along to bed, my child, and sleep on it. You'll have to go to church to-morrow," he reminded her, "to prove that you came in earlier than you did."

"I don't want to go to church!" she burst out. "It's all such a mockery!"

"Well"—Bill's voice was judicial—"that needn't keep you from worshipping, need it?"

"It needn't, but it does."

She kissed him and went out, and in spite of all her doubts she fell asleep immediately.

But there was something about church, Julie thought as she stood between her father and mother and sang. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." You didn't listen to the sermon, but you felt—quieter, somehow, in this vaulted stillness. The hymns had a rhythm and a confidence, even though the confidence wasn't your own.

And Mr. and Mrs. Land entered so completely into the spirit of the occasion, Julie thought enviously; they believed in it so implicitly and so literally. Things were either right or wrong to them.

She sat demurely between her parents during the drive home, but she was uttering her own desperate prayer: "Let it be that he's telephoned me while I was out!" He said "soon."

But Denis hadn't telephoned. Don Ferris had, and Julie promised to play golf with him. Denis would be playing golf, too, and he might see her and say, "Doing anything to-night?"

It happened as she had hoped. He left his foursome at the tenth tee and came over to her. She said, "Not a thing," in a casual voice, and he said, "Then how about doing it with me?"

"I'd be delighted." Her day had flowered, after all.

Please turn to page 34

"Most men fall for that."

Julie laughed briefly.

"Not Denis. It would scare him off like a rabbit. I don't believe he ever had a serious thought in his life."

"Then why do you love him? You've got the makings of a real woman."

He studied her closely, attempting to estimate her value and her charm to a potential husband. Her face was stricken with pain now, but it was a lovely face and he liked it.

She answered his questions with another question.

"What makes anybody love anybody? It's got nothing to

**Final instalment of
our great sea-warfare
serial.**

WE hadn't got out any too soon, I'd bet dollars to doughnuts that cruiser was coming in to investigate Moab, and if she was I was sitting pretty to be more than chief plane tender for the expedition.

I rang up full speed and changed course to westward to try to run ahead of him. With the cruiser coming in at twenty-five knots I would have to get in almost right ahead of him before I was forced down. If I didn't he would sail right by me on the rim of the horizon and I wouldn't be able to close to torpedo range with my slow submerged speed.

Jim Gant, one of my machinist's mates, popped up the hatch, ostensibly to get a breath of fresh air and smoke a cigarette, but really to look the situation over.

"What the chances, Captain?" he asked.

"Fair," I answered. "If we get a few breaks and if he holds his course for a while. He's got plenty of speed to get away, and he'll probably put his planes up now for scouts. If they force us down before I can run in ahead of him he will have a better than even chance of getting by outside of torpedo range."

The gunner's mate joined Gant on the bridge. "Mind if I go down on deck and check over the gun, Captain?" the gunner's mate asked.

"All right, but make it snappy," I replied. "We might have to dive any minute."

"Can I go along with the gunner, Captain?" Gant requested. I nodded assent. The news of an impending attack had spread through

RENDEZVOUS

THE STORY SO FAR

LIEUTENANT - COMMANDER

EVANS, of the submarine Neptune, supported by the submarines Dryad and Unicorn, undertakes a dangerous mission.

Twelve bombers are to attack enemy concentrations at Basoko. But as this is 3000 miles away, their extra fuel must be carried by submarines to the tiny island of Moab, 2000 miles from Basoko.

After a hazardous trip, during which Evans sinks a destroyer, the submarines reach Moab. The planes arrive and refuel, then fly on to Basoko and smash

the enemy forces. Only one plane is lost, but another, piloted by Evans' great friend, BOB WATKINS, is forced down at sea for repairs on the way back to Moab.

Evans despatches the other planes and submarines for home, then radios directions, thanks to which Watkins eventually reaches Moab. He and Evans set out on the return journey, but soon Evans is notified that a cruiser and two destroyers are approaching.

Now read on.

By...
ALEC HUDSON

have a fight on her hands, two planes to one, any minute.

Fortunately we knew the enemy's observation planes were no faster than our patrol bombers, but the enemy planes were smaller and more manoeuvrable, and two to one was heavy odds for a patched-up plane.

Bob didn't have any bombs on board. The only thing that he could do was to trail and report. He could easily stay out of the cruiser's gun range, and while he was there he would keep the enemy planes busy so they wouldn't be out in the advance to force me down too soon. And I was grateful for the information he was sending in. I acted on it now.

A quick glance at the chart showed me that the cruiser had changed course directly toward Moab. She was evidently zig-zagging and probably suspected the presence of submarines. But I figured she was on her base course now and I headed right down toward her last reported position. Nevertheless, I could be worried about Bob and the two planes I was sure would be after him.

Sure enough, not more than seven minutes after the last message I got another.

"One down and one to go. Course zero zero five."

I interpreted that to mean that he had had first brush with the cruiser's planes and shot down one of them. The enemy had also changed course again, but I stuck to my estimate that three, four, five, was about his base course, and I continued boring right in.

A MINUTE or two after that we picked up the cruiser's masts on the horizon. I couldn't see enough to judge our position with respect to him very clearly, but I estimated we were a little on his port bow.

I didn't dare run in any farther on the surface. The enemy was undoubtedly alert and looking for trouble. Whether or not he suspected our use of submarines to supply the raiding planes, he was evidently taking all submarine precautions, zig-zagging and with an anti-submarine screen out.

If he sighted me now I wouldn't get within miles of him. But thanks to Bob Watkins' contact reports, and his luring the cruiser's planes out of the forward area we had gained a favorable position. Down we went.

The height of the periscope cut down my horizon and I couldn't see anything but ocean for a while. It was three or four minutes before he came pushing up over the rim. It doesn't take long at twenty-five knots. I could see that I was out about fifteen degrees on his port bow and the range was twelve or fourteen thousand yards.

I changed course then to pull over ahead of him, although I suspected that he would zig-zag any minute. By the time I could see enough of his upper works to make a decent estimate he made a left zig. It put me dead ahead of him and the range was ten thousand yards as I made it out.

I decided I'd run right down at him and let subsequent events determine how I could attack. The screening destroyers would soon be getting close enough, so there would be danger of my being sighted, so I lowered my periscope.

"Take her down to a hundred feet," I ordered. Bob Watkins would probably be giving the cruiser's remaining plane plenty to think about. I knew he was well enough grounded in submarine tactics to keep his adversary out of the forward area if he could.

But events don't always shape up the way you expect them to. The sun's angle wasn't as favorable to the plane as it had been on that memorable day on the way out, but the water was just as clear. If the enemy plane chanced to fly directly overhead he would be able to plainly see the shadow of my hull if I didn't go down deep.

The inconvenience of running deep and planing up only when I wanted to make an observation didn't outweigh the hazard of a run at periscope depth. In war you have to take plenty of chances without adding any unnecessary ones.

I ran down for seven minutes. Then I brought her up to periscope depth again, slowed down, and very gingerly ran up the periscope for another look. Something would have to happen pretty soon now. The cruiser was still headed right at me. The range was four thousand yards.

There was a destroyer out on either bow and about a thousand yards in advance, and the three of them were coming down at a fast clip.

They had me in rather a tight spot. If both the cruiser and I held on to our present courses the cruiser would run right over me. If I fired from dead ahead of her, of course she would present an impossibly narrow target. With a flip of the rudder she would be able to evade the torpedoes and I would have practically no chance of getting away after I fired.

Please turn to page 38



Again the enemy plane dived relentlessly down to the attack.

THE QUEST of the GOLDEN FLEECE

Drama of a daring young airman's grim vengeance

By ...

W. E. JOHNS

THE streets of war-scarred London were deserted, but the nightly hilarity of the Golden Fleece Club was in active session when Flight-Lieutenant Cedric Delane pushed open the swing-doors that gave access to the subterranean dance-hall.

For a moment or two he stood blinking in the blaze of light, regarding first the immaculate band conductor and his frenzied players who, with horn, drum and saxophone, were striving to drown the dull thunder of the barrage and the wail of falling bombs, then at the crowded dancers, a kaleidoscopic whirlpool of gowns, dinner suits and uniforms, that eddied to the tempo of the music.

Apparently satisfied with his inspection, he moved slowly towards the cocktail-bar.

Nobody appeared to notice him. There was no reason why anyone should, for junior Air Force officers were common in the Golden Fleece, and no one, not even a friend, could with truth have described Cedric Delane as a commanding figure. In any case, he was too young for that. His physique was slight, almost frail. His face was not a strong face—at least, not when judged by physical standards. At the moment, except for a suspicion of weariness, it was expressionless.

His features were fine almost to effeminacy, a character which fair hair and a pale complexion did nothing to alleviate. Only his eyes were noteworthy; they were grey, and curiously bright, like burnished steel; reflected light seemed to glint on them. At the corners, the strain of war-flying had already graven little lines, ageing them prematurely.

A careless attitude suggested complete indifference to his surroundings, but his hands, as small and

"I could be very, very kind to you if you helped me," Marie whispered.

delicate as those of a girl, fidgeted continually—sometimes with his tie, or with his cigarette—and betrayed nerves too highly strung.

Those who did not know the type might have wondered how he came to be wearing three medal ribbons, headed by the purple and white D.F.C., under the wings on his breast.

With languid effort he hoisted himself on a high stool and ordered whisky.

"Bit hot, outside to-night, sir, ain't it?" remarked the bar-tender with easy familiarity.

Cedric's lips moved—reluctantly, it seemed. "Warmish," he murmured—"warmish."

The bar-tender, wiping the bar, grimaced confidentially. "We had a close 'un about half an hour ago."

"Really? What fun?"

"Put the wind up you when they come as close as that, don't they?"

"Quite—absolutely," Cedric sipped his drink, turning so that he could watch the dancers—or it may have been to end the conversation.

The music stopped abruptly. Applauding, the dancers were converging on the bar when the room seemed to shudder. The lights, as if in sympathy, dimmed. Glass tinkled. Plaster snow-flaked from the ceiling. Somewhere a woman screamed.

Instantly the music crashed on again, drowning all other sounds. Cheering, most of the dancers seized their partners and resumed their gyrations with renewed energy. A few came on to the bar.

"Not dancing?" The words were spoken quietly, with a barely perceptible trace of accent.

Cedric turned to the speaker, a

girl who had climbed on the next stool.

She was a blue-eyed brunette, graceful, beautiful, alluring. Her gown, unrelieved black, cleverly simple, effectively outlined the curves that were moulded on classical lines. Beneath lightly pencilled eyebrows mascara-laden lashes shaded eyes that were softly provocative and extended an invitation not easily refused.

For a moment he regarded her pensively, appreciatively, his expression softening.

"Rather," he answered lightly.

"Where's your partner?"

"I haven't one—fortunately. Just drifted in casual-like."

THE girl smiled. "You knew you would have no trouble in finding one here, perhaps?"

"That—er—was the general idea," he admitted. "But I didn't know I was steering a course for the girl I've been reading about all my life," he added softly. "Someone must have set my compass for heaven. Drink?"

"Thanks. Sherry, please."

Thereafter the conversation developed on traditional lines. After a dance, and another drink, still following orthodox procedure, it took on a more intimate character. Cedric told her his name. She told him that hers was Marie—Marie Valais; that she was French; that she had happened to be in London when war broke out, but, foolishly as it transpired, had delayed her return home until the Boche invasion made it impossible.

Cedric commiserated.

After another dance, over another drink, in a voice aching with sadness and slightly tremulous with emotion, she became confidential.

"It is terrible," she said earnestly. "My home so near, and yet so far away."

"You'll be all right here," he hastened to assure her.

She shook her head. "It is not of myself that I think, but of my father. My mother is dead; he has only me, and I fear he will die of anxiety wondering what has happened."

"What part of France do you live in?"

"Just over the water, in Normandy. You must often see my home when you fly out to fight the Boche."

Cedric did not fly over Normandy to fight the Boche for the simple reason he was in a Home Defence unit; but the implication was not unpleasant, so he allowed it to pass.

"If only I could get a message to him I would be happy here," she resumed. "You are so brave and so intelligent."

"Too bad that you can't," he rejoined sadly.

She took his hand impulsively. "Oh, but you are so sweet."

He laughed, a nervous, embarrassed little laugh. He was thinking of the men he had killed—three that very afternoon—in relation to the term "sweet." It struck him as incongruous—but he did not mention it.

"How about a drink?" he suggested.

"Yes, another drink," she declared, straightening herself. "We will forget my silly little troubles." She smiled mistily through unshed

tears. "Vive la France! Vive l'Angleterre! That is what you call the spirit, eh?"

"That, as you say, is the spirit—absolutely," agreed Cedric.

She fanned herself with a tiny fan which she took from her hand-bag. "It is so stuffy in here, don't you think?"

"Stuffyish. Why do you come here?"

"Because it is nearly safe from the bombs, and because it is so lonely in my room."

"Where is your room?"

"Upstairs."

"I see," said Cedric slowly.

"Would you care to come up—just for a breath of air? But perhaps no—you might think—"

Cedric laughed again.

softly. "I wouldn't think anything like that," he bantered gently. "But what about a drink?"

"I have some sherry in my room."

"Fine. Let's go."

It was a nice room—a bed-sitting room. She made him comfortable in a lounge chair, set the drinks on a table beside him, and joined him in the chair.

"Ah, if we were only in my Normandy," she sighed. "I could be very, very happy . . . with you."

"In what part of Normandy do you live?" he inquired.

She hesitated for a moment, her eyes on his face. "Le Chateau Tourette—you know it, perhaps?"

"Rather. It's quite a landmark. It belongs to my father."

"Really?"

"Yes, poor old man. I wonder what he's thinking now."

"I wonder," murmured Cedric.

She sighed. "If only I could see him again."

"Not much chance of that just yet, I'm afraid."

"You couldn't think of any way I could get a message to him?"

Cedric thought for a little while. "No, darling, I'm afraid I couldn't."

"I have thought about it so much. I am always thinking of it. I think there is a way, only one way—if I could get a friend to do it for me."

"Do what?"

"No—no. It isn't worth talking about. No one would do it. It's too risky." She nestled a little closer.

Cedric stroked his chin. "What was your idea, mignon?"

Please turn to page 12

PROBLEM CHILD

By
JANE ENGLAND



The stranger looked on disapprovingly as Flavia dragged Pam gently to her feet.

MAJOR DAWLETT looked out of the study window to where the lawn, slightly undulating, sloped down to the dusty hedge. Beyond the hedge a field, infested with nettles, sloped up again to a sky that was pale blue and stretched like silk.

Four children ran about the field. One, a small girl in a vivid scarlet smock, had short fair hair that flew in the soft wind. He watched them with a curious, weary expression in his grey eyes, and the fine wrinkles round them deepened.

"Poor little devils," said Major Dawlett half aloud.

Behind him Flavia Perryman lounged back in an easy chair and smoked pensively. Her own fair hair was like a soft cloud, and her eyes were very blue and fringed with dark lashes. She wore green linen slacks and a thin cotton shirt, and her mouth was very provocative. Major Dawlett disliked her very much.

"Still glooming because you can't go and get shot up, Jerry?" she inquired casually.

He didn't answer. There was something about her that appalled him. He wondered why on earth he had ever listened to his aunt, who had said: "Jeremy dear, I wish you'd have Flavia Perryman and her little step-sister down here . . . I've heard from Hetty that they're in a bad way. You know what a very bad father and wretched gambler Tom Perryman is. And the little girl ought to be evacuated, anyway. Tom Perryman won't bother his head about it."

He went on staring out at the field, where the child in the scarlet smock still ran wildly. He could hear her calling shrilly to the others, ordering them about. She was wildly excitable and a born leader.

Flavia's red mouth twisted slightly. "Jerry," she said, "did you hear what I said?"

He turned away from the window and said politely, "I wish you wouldn't call me Jerry."

She laughed suddenly. "Darling poppet," she said, "I can't help it. It's so deliciously unsuitable . . ."

And "All right," she said inside herself, "go on, go on, hurt him! Hurt him! It may stop everything hurting you so much; take away that beastly feeling of being a sponger and a cadger. After all, you never wanted to come down here and live in this house, this lovely old house."

She had a moment's vision of her father, of his swift infectious smile. "Flavia, my pet, you and the infant are going out of town. Now don't argue. I can't keep either of you another minute. I'm flat broke. And Jeremy Dawlett, bless him, has offered to have you both for the duration. It's his contribution to the national war effort . . . because he can't go off and be a target for a bullet."

"Why can't he?" she had inquired casually. "Can't he do something spectacular like dyeing his hair and joining up?"

"Gammy leg," said her father, "and he's not as old as all that."

"But we can't go and park ourselves on him like that," she argued. And he had smiled again. "Don't worry. Dawlett's well off. And his aunt keeps house for him. You'll be in clover."

The fact that there were plenty of jobs in wartime was of no use to her, for there was Pam, so highly strung, so appallingly hysterical, so frightened underneath all her precocity. You had a responsibility for Pam, poor little pet. It wasn't her fault that she had been born into the Perryman family, that

charming, hopeless, rather raffish family. No security there; no mother, no family circle.

So you couldn't dash into the Army or the Navy; you had to stick round and go down and sponge on Major Jeremy Dawlett, who hated the sight of you. You couldn't go round explaining yourself, you couldn't explain—not without letting your father down and generally behaving like a whiner. So, all said and done, it was better to hit out at everything.

"It is. Most unsuitable," said Major Dawlett, and limped out of the room.

Flavia lit another cigarette and stared out of the window. Life was pretty poor; her sort of life, anyway. She hadn't minded much before the war. Everything had been faintly amusing. There was one thing about her father, he could throw stardust, glamor over even unpaid bills; he could make you feel that there was something fine and romantic about living on the edge of a financial volcano.

It was only now, down here, that it didn't seem fine and romantic any longer, only rather sordid and dishonest. She remembered how often their friends changed, after Tom Perryman had made use of people, borrowed money from them, and then let them down. Well, then there had been new ones, and the same thing happened again.

She threw her cigarette into the grate and reflected grimly that it was one of Major Dawlett's, really. "I could have liked him a lot if things had been different," she thought, "quite a lot. If I wasn't living on him, I'd like him."

THERE came a piercing scream from the field, and she jumped up. That was Pam, screaming frenziedly. She ran out of the room and across the lawn, across the dusty road and into the field. Pam was lying flat on her back and shrieking, and a tall, lean man was standing by her. He had a mouth that was sulky and yet firm, and that now was compressed into sheer disapproval and irritation.

"Is this kid yours?" he demanded as Flavia came flying up the rise.

"My sister," gasped Flavia, and then, "Pam, my poppet, stop that. You're making the welkin ring."

"She needs a darn good whacking," said the man calmly.

He looked on disapprovingly as Flavia went down on her knees and dragged Pam gently to her feet. The child had that wide, almost glazed, stare that came to her when she was thoroughly nervous and upset.

"What happened?" said Flavia to the man. She knew that Pam wouldn't answer her; she never would on these occasions.

"One of the other children called her an evsee," said the man in a bored voice, "and she screamed out that she wasn't. Evacuees, she said, were common and dirty, and she was simply staying with Major Dawlett, and then one of the children, who, I gather, was an evacuee, told her flatly that at least the evacuees were paid for, and that she and her sister were just living on charity; that everyone in the village knew that. And then she began to scream."

"Oh, Pam!" said Flavia, and went scarlet.

But Pam made herself quite rigid, and wouldn't move. It was her favorite defence mechanism; she had used it ever since she was a baby, from the very beginning when things that were frightening and not understandable happened. And on the rare occasions when she met other children they made it plain that they thought her different and without all the usual accompaniments of childhood. It had all been explained to Flavia by a psychologist, but he hadn't told her how to cure it, except by changing over the entire environment, which wasn't possible.

"I'll carry her back," said Flavia.

Appealing story of wartime Britain

"I'd better do that for you," said the man. "She's not so small, you know."

But at that moment Pam tore herself away and went pelting off across the field and back to the house. Flavia automatically felt in her pocket for her cigarette-case, and found it wasn't there.

"Have one of mine," said that even, impersonal voice beside her.

"No, thanks," she said, and began to walk after Pam. Poor Pam, she thought, poor little devil. What a bad front she put up against the world. What sort of a front would she put up later, when she was older? It was a beastly thought, frightening. It made you feel cold and empty inside, and helpless.

What children need, she said to herself, is training, discipline. It's so much easier to be told what to do than to work it out for yourself.

She became aware that she was still accompanied, and said, "Must you walk beside me?"

"It would look rather silly, don't you think, for me to walk behind you, as if I were tracking you, considering I'm going to the same place?"

"What do you mean?" she said quickly.

"I'm Major Dawlett's cousin—the Rhodesian one, Roger Wayne," he told her.

"Oh," she said slowly, and walked on in silence. I've got to get away, she thought desperately; after this I can't stay on. Only I can't leave Pam behind . . . poor brat, she'd go clean crazy, become more of a problem child than ever. Only how can I stay on?

They crossed the road and went over the lawn up to the small manor house that drowned in the sunshine. In front of it, the aged yew was dark and bent. It had an air of peace and endurance, a quiet dignity. "That," thought Flavia wearily, "is what Pam and I and a lot more of our generation haven't got, content or dignity, and I wonder whether we've got much endurance."

At the door Roger Wayne paused. "By the way," he said, "I shouldn't let it get you down. What was said to your sister, I mean."

She gave him a brilliant grin.

"Don't worry, my poppet," she said. "Why should I?"

"Why, indeed?" he answered, and grinned back at her. "Why indeed? It's the new plan for living, isn't it? Gold-digging? Anything rather than work?"

"What smart ideas you have out in Rhodesia," said Flavia, and strolled into the house.

Miss Anne Dawlett was in her sitting-room. She had spent the morning inspecting billets and calming down agitated house-holders, and speaking with firmness and amiability to small children. She was now engaged in sorting out parcels of clothes. When Roger Wayne appeared in the room she gave an absent-minded smile and went on sorting.

"Forty-eight hours' leave, Aunt Anne," said Roger, "and I came down here to spend it in an atmosphere of old English quietude, and what do I find? Barbarians in the house!"

Aunt Anne shook her head. "It is tiresome," she said. "Jeremy finds it so too."

"Don't you?" inquired Roger.

Aunt Anne gave up sorting clothes, shook back her short grey hair, and took a cigarette.

"The first to-day," she announced with pride. "No, Roger, I don't really find it tiresome, I'm too busy. Only I can't imagine why that girl Flavia doesn't go and do some useful work."

"Because," said Roger grimly, "she isn't that sort. The only thing that amazes me is why she is here. I should have imagined that her role in life was amusing the warrior on leave, rather expensively."

"No money," said Aunt Anne. "Her father is a charming scoundrel. He married a great friend of mine, and she died soon after Flavia was born. Then he married again, and that wife left him when Pam, the little one, was about two. He's got no money, lives on his wits. The two girls are just strays. I don't suppose Flavia likes being here any more than we like having her."

Please turn to page 30



THEY all helped to fill Bundles for Britain. (See pictures across top of page.)

OUR EDITOR flies to London...



She takes warm clothing to 40,000 people from "Bundles for Britain" appeal

By ALICE JACKSON

As editor of The Australian Women's Weekly I have often made announcements on this page about special news assignments on which we have sent members of the staff.

This week's announcement involves myself. By the time you read this I shall be on the Clipper for America and England, and soon you will be reading—with interest, I hope!—stories I shall cable from there.

The main object of my visit to London—Bundles for Britain—is one which will appeal to every reader of The Australian Women's Weekly.

I am going to attend personally to the distribution of your gifts from sunny Australia to the people of London this month.

ABOUT two months ago, Consolidated Press, publishers of The Australian Women's Weekly, the Daily Telegraph, and the Sunday Telegraph, launched an appeal in New South Wales through the Daily Telegraph for "Bundles for Britain"—that is, for clothing of all descriptions for those heroic victims of this war, the poor, the homeless, the children being orphaned in their thousands.

The appeal met with a magnificent response. A steady stream of parcels and clothing poured in to all the "Bundles" depots.

By now, 40,000 garments are on their way to England—these gifts of clothing, some new, all in good condition, will put new heart into 40,000 people facing the bitter prospect called up by Mr. Churchill's latest warning in the House of Commons, "The invasion season is at hand."

The management of Consolidated Press felt that its work in launching the "Bundles for Britain" appeal was not completed until our personal supervision was given to the distribution of the garments.

So my visit to England was planned in order that I might arrive at the same time as the "Bundles" and be able to give a first-hand report on their distribution.

The Commonwealth Government has given warm approval to my visit and I have been armed with valuable official credentials.

The first "Bundles for Britain" appeal was organised in America and has perfected a nationwide organisation which sends a regular flow of garments to bombed sections of Britain.



SENATOR FOLL, Minister for Information, on a tour of inspection of well-filled shelves in the Bundles for Britain sorting depot.

While in America I shall have a splendid opportunity to study details of that organisation.

While in Britain I shall, of course, also be able to study the war work being done by women there, and I expect to cable stories of these every week to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Apart from the fact that I



MRS. ALICE JACKSON, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who is on her way to London, via the United States.

MISS MAISIE McMAHON, secretary to Mrs. Alice Jackson.

feel it a great privilege to be sent on such a mission ("Bundles for Britain" is a job of work that stirs my heart), I'm thrilled to be making the trip.

Apart from the tragedies of war it will be packed with interest and excitement.

Most of the travel will be by air and I shall send stories of the places I visit and the people I meet.

All the time I shall be on the lookout for the things that interest readers of The Australian Women's Weekly. I may see Mrs. Roosevelt; drop in on the Dionne Quintuplets.

On the lighter side I shall write a diary, meant to entertain rather than instruct our readers.

And at the end of the long trip is London.

For myself, I used to know London pretty well.

I saw the last Victory March through that mighty Mother of Cities.

I shall be there only a short time—home for Christmas, I expect. So it



What a grand assignment that's going to be!

Meantime, I shall count it a splendid privilege to be able to kneel once again in the old Abbey, and from that hallowed spot add my prayers to the great petition for Victory, which every civilised human being is sending to his Maker to-day.

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR



HAIR STAYS PERFECT ALL DAY LONG!

Yes, definitely, the way to manage your attractive modern hair-do is damp-setting—Hollywood's hair secret! A damp-set with VELMOL is perfect on any hair... to keep any hair-style looking its very best—in any conditions.

JUST 3 STEPS! 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush through a few drops of VELMOL. 3. Arrange with fingers and comb just as you like it best.

Instantly your wave revives. Hair gleams... silky soft, natural looking... stays perfectly in order... without greasy or "stiff" look. Works perfectly on any hair—any wave. Ask for VELMOL—from chemist, store or hairdresser.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Three army nurses enlist from one family



SISTER NANCY HATFIELD escaped from Greece and Crete and is now at a base hospital in Palestine. She is the youngest of the three sisters from New Angledool who are all army nurses.



SISTER RUTH HATFIELD photographed in Egypt. She is a member of the Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve.

Little township's great pride in "the Hatfield girls"

Three army nurses from one family—that's the proud record of the Hatfields, a pioneer family of the little town of New Angledool, N.S.W., near the Queensland border.

Joyce and Nancy Hatfield are in the A.I.F. and their sister Ruth is in the Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve, because she happened to be in England when war broke out.

THESE three musketeers of the nursing profession, "the Hatfield girls," as their townfolk call them, came to Sydney together to train some years ago.

They were of one mind when war broke out. They were nurses, nurses were wanted in the army, so into the army they went.

War has put many long miles between the three.

Ruth, the eldest, is now stationed at a hospital at Asmara, on the coast of East Africa.

Nancy, the youngest, who is 26, is at the 1st Australian General Hospital in Palestine.

Joyce, who is 28, is at the 113th A.G.H. at Concord. She has been there for two months.

"One day we'll have a grand reunion," said Sister Joyce

Hatfield, "I hope to go abroad soon, and it will be wonderful if we can all manage to meet somewhere on the other side."

Sister Hatfield is attractive, bright-eyed and smiling. Her regulation uniform of a grey frock, starched white collar and a scarlet cape well becomes her.

She is nursing in a ward where the patients are returned soldiers.

Always cheerful

"SISTER Hatfield is a popular nurse with us," said one of the men. "She is always so bright and cheerful."

She waved aside the suggestion that there was anything remarkable that three sisters should all be army nurses and all serving their country.

"We like being nurses and we wanted to do something to help in the war, so that's why we are all in it," said Sister Hatfield. "As soon as my sisters joined up then I wanted to go."

"The nursing profession seems to appeal to our family," she continued. "Our married sister, Mrs. R. Wherrett, was a nurse. She, Nancy and Ruth all trained at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital while I was at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children."

"Ruth was in England when war broke out, and, of course, the first thing she did was volunteer her services. She has been nursing in England."

"She went to France, then to Egypt, and now she is at Asmara."

"Her letters are always very cheerful and she says that the worst experiences to date are the Italian air raids, and they are not too severe."

"My other sister, Nancy, who is with the A.I.F., left Australia at the end of last year."

"She has been through all the hardships that an army nurse could experience in the Greek campaign."

"We did not even know she had been there until she arrived back in Alexandria, and cabled us that she was safe. It was just as well that we did not know or we'd all have been worrying."

"She was with a group of nurses



SISTER JOYCE HATFIELD has a cheery smile for one of her patients, Private James Eade, at the 113th Australian General Hospital, Concord. Sister Hatfield hopes to go abroad soon to join her sisters.

THRILLING NEW SERIAL —NEXT WEEK

In next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly will be published the first instalment of a thrilling new serial. It is

"TWO FEET FROM HEAVEN"

By P. C. WREN

World-famous as the author of "Beau Geste" and other Foreign Legion stories.

It is a compelling, provocative, and completely "different" drama—the story of a man who gives up his birthright to live the life of a London slum-dweller with startling and unexpected results.

SORRY — BUT YOU'RE WRONG!



AN AMBER NECKLACE WILL NOT CURE GOITRE



WEARING RED CLOTHES IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR VACCINATION FOR SMALLPOX



COLD CREAM IS NOT A MODERN BEAUTY IDEA — IT WAS INVENTED CENTURIES AGO BY CALEN — THE GRECO-ROMAN PHYSICIAN



HEARTBURN IS NOT NECESSARILY CAUSED BY QUICK EATING



BUT AN EXCESS FLOW OF HYDROCHLORIC ACID CAUSES INDIGESTION — YOUR SPEED OF EATING MAY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT

Fear, worry, excitement, nerves, over-indulgence — all of these things start the flow of excess acids to your stomach. Indigestion results. You need Bisurated Magnesia. It stops indigestion in five minutes, because it spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises those burning excess acids. Bisurated Magnesia is sold at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies. Only 2/6 the large, and 1/9 the standard size.



MRS. GEORGE HATFIELD, the proud mother of the three army nurses.

The Hatfield house, which was once filled with young people, is now rather lonely for Mr. and Mrs. George Hatfield. Even their son, Jack Hatfield, has left home. He is in Sydney waiting for his call-up for the R.A.A.F.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield live for mail day. Many carbon copies are made of their daughters' letters and these are circulated around the town among the girls' friends.

The letter written by Nancy telling of the campaign in Greece and the evacuation is a little ragged at the edges now.

The letters go first to the girls' grandmother, Mrs. A. Merry, who is eighty-three and follows her granddaughters' adventures with real pioneer zest.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield and their parents were among New Angledool's first settlers.

EVAN WILLIAMS

Essential hair health!

SHAMPOO.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turnley & Son, 266 Flinders Street, Melbourne.



Soaps come. And soaps go. One year we are told that we ought to use a particular soap because it's so famous in Hollywood. Another year someone tries to frighten us into using another soap and we are told that engagements are broken off and married bliss destroyed all because of soap. Well, we don't know which soap will be fashionable next year. But we know which soap will still be famous fifty years from now — Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Its fame has been steadily growing since before the first steam tram appeared in Australia. Ever tried it?

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

11d. a Cake - - Bath size, 1/7 Including Sales Tax.

2-5-41

The Dionne Quins meet up with their family



SISTERLY HUG. Little Victor Dionne slides into Emilie's arms. Pictures on this page are the first ever taken of the whole Dionne family together.



DIONNE DAUGHTERS. This picture provides a comparison of the other Dionne daughters with the Quins. Back row: Therese, Quin Marie, and Rose. Front row: Quin Cecile, Quin Emilie, Pauline, Quin Yvonne, Quin Annette.



MOTHERLY PRIDE. Mrs. Elzire Dionne with her famous Quin daughters (l. to r.) Marie, Cecile, Emilie, Yvonne, Annette. Youngsters vied with one another to get in picture.



ALL THE FAMILY. Mr. and Mrs. Oliva Dionne with their twelve living children. Back row: Mrs. Dionne, holding Victor, Pauline, Daniel, Therese, Rose, Ernest, Mr. Dionne. Front row: Oliva, jun., Cecile, Yvonne, Annette, Marie, Emilie. Other Dionne children love the Quins and want them to come home.



WELCOME TO DAD. Papa Dionne plagued by Quins (l. to r.) Emilie, Cecile, Yvonne, Marie, Annette. They ruffled his hair, sang songs.



MR. FADDEN, Australia's thirteenth Prime Minister. MRS. FADDEN (centre) with her daughters Betty (left) and Mavis. The Faddens also have two sons.



I was Fadden's secretary ...

Prime Minister was always "Artie" to everybody

By MARGARET STEELE, in an interview

With two other girls I set out from Melbourne to work my way round Australia—and found a Prime Minister.

We didn't know it at the time, when we anchored in Townsville with a letter of introduction to Mr. Arthur Fadden, public accountant, and I became his secretary.

But it took only a few days of working for this genial, quick-brained, six-foot-tall young man to know that Mr. Fadden, already successful, was going places.

WHEN I left at the end of six months (because I couldn't stand the northern climate, which affected not one whit my North Queens-

land-bred employer), it was with an even firmer conviction that people would hear more of popular Artie Fadden.

For Artie he was to everyone, just as he is even to-day in the uneasy chair of Australia's thirteenth Prime Minister.

Our Townsville acquaintances, inquiring how the "tourists from the south," as they called us, were getting on, would say to me: "Working for Artie Fadden, are you? Well, you're lucky."

And although I've had a number of jobs all over Australia since then, and worked for many employers, I've watched his career ever since.

He was a wizard with figures, and the outstanding taxation expert of the north. (Now he certainly knows its problems from both sides.)

The wonder was that he seemed to be able to make taxation a cheerful subject, and if there's anything guaranteed to take the smile off the average citizen's face it's the annual assessment.

But burly shirt-sleeved men, many of them owners of huge properties as far away as the Gulf country, would come to consult him on their problems.

They usually entered none too pleased, expressed in booming voices and Australian parlance what they thought of the subject in general, but invariably Mr. Fadden's disarming good humor sent them away with a chuckle over his latest anecdote.

His staff travelled as far north as Cairns and as far south as Bowen to audit the books of the sugar and cattle magnates.

Cool—comfortable

HIS office was one of the airiest in the stifling summer of Townsville, for, although a man of simple tastes not given to extravagance, he believed in making his staff comfortable.

Thus—though the men, including the boss, sat in shirt-sleeves with towels on the arms of their chairs and a piece of blotting-paper to mop the brow—electric fans made it a much pleasanter office than most.

He had, too, the gift of making people like working for him, surely a useful quality in a Prime Minister.

I know that if he asked me to work longer than usual, or any other member of his staff for that matter, none of us minded. We felt we had a good spin if things were slack.

Mr. Fadden is a thoroughly self-made man. He left school at the age of 15, and became general rouseabout to a gang of cane-cutters in the Mackay district. He boiled their billy and swept their sleeping quarters.

Later he got a job as office boy at the Pleydow Mill, then applied for the job of assistant to the Town Clerk in Mackay.

At the age of 21 he was Town Clerk, and at 24 set up his own accountancy and tax agency firm in Mackay.

He had been an excellent cricketer, footballer, and runner, though at 36 he had little time for sports; although he played bowls.

The pleasantly situated bowling-green was the coolest spot in Townsville, and a great meeting-place for the local business men.

By the time I knew him he was already a prosperous business-



MARGARET STEELE, who was Mr. Fadden's secretary when he was a successful accountant and taxation expert in North Queensland.

man, married, with four children. He was president of the Chamber of Commerce in Townsville, and was known throughout the north as a straight and honest man.

At that time he had never been out of Queensland. While I was there he had his first holiday trip to Sydney, and I remember the whole office was excited about the 1300-mile journey.

He never talked at that time about political ambitions, although a couple of years earlier he had been invited to contest a State electorate.

That was typical of him, as it was one of his strongest characteristics not to talk idly. He never made a statement unless he was sure of it.

Passion for accuracy

HE attacked everything with the same passion for accuracy as he did his figures. For instance, he occasionally came across an unfamiliar word in a newspaper or a book. I would then be enlisted to look it up in the three dictionaries and reference books he kept by him.

One dictionary wasn't enough. He wanted to be absolutely sure of it, and I often noticed him use the word later, when a suitable context arose.

I read of his entry into Federal politics in 1936 with interest, and when last year during Mr. Menzies' absence he became Deputy Prime Minister I wrote him a letter of congratulation, though saying that he would probably not remember me.

However, an answer duly arrived saying that he remembered me quite well, and thanking me.

To-day I am sure he carries with him the good wishes of everyone who knows him in North Queensland.

I have heard that he is Canberra's best mixer. That is not surprising, for in contrast to the unfortunate and oft-quoted remark that Mr. Menzies once made about himself, nobody can ever say that Artie Fadden is "too damned superior."

TOOTAL

LYSTAV is so good tempered
it tailors or drapes

Imagine a fabric so supple, yet firm, it will tailor or drape . . . Equally effective for frocks or suits . . . A rayon that resists creasing like silk Washes like silk and retains its crease resistance . . . That's LYSTAV. See its charming colours and patterns at the stores. Width 35/36 inches . . . Name on selvage. Look for this name—it is your assurance of the Tootal Guarantee, which places washing and wearing quality beyond all doubt per yard 4/11

LYSTAV

CREASE
RESISTING

OTHER TOOTAL CREASE
RESISTING FABRICS . . .
TOOLINA—a novel eyelet weave rayon;
TOLSIL—a splendidly firm rayon and
cotton blend; TOOTAL LINEN—the
crease-resisting linen that brought linen
back to favour; and ROBIA—a sheer,
semi-transparent cotton in lovely effects.
All named on selvage. All TOOTAL
GUARANTEED

If any difficulty in obtaining write to
G.P.O. Box 1035 H, Melbourne,
or G.P.O. Box 2300 M, Sydney.

FABRICS

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED, MANCHESTER 1, ENGLAND

If your FAIR HAIR
has gone "OFF-COLOUR"
—MOUSY...

Fair hair that has gone "mousy," "off-colour" spoils your looks — Sta-Blond's 7 secret ingredients give back to darkened fair hair its former lighter colour and beauty, and prevent light fair hair from darkening (no dyes). Its amazing "Vite P" (Vitamin P) feeds the follicles, tonics and softens the scalp, banishes dandruff—makes hair like silk.

Sole distributors: Fassett and Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3479 S.S., Sydney.

STA-BLOND
The BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Solicitors wed . . .

LEGAL fraternity will be well represented at wedding of Betty Turton and John Souter . . . St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney, September 27.

Betty and John graduated and were admitted to the Bar together in May . . . In July founded firm of Turton and Souter, solicitors.

Best man, Noel Warren, studying law, and bridesmaid, Ronda Kininmont, is clerk in city solicitor's office . . . (other attendants are schoolboy Phillip Souter and twelve-year-old Marcelle Turton).

Bride-elect's father is conveyancer-at-law, and two of her four sisters who will be at wedding, Mrs. T. B. Alexander and Phyllis Turton, have been clerks in father's office.

John is now with the A.I.F., and Betty will carry on the practice when he goes overseas . . . says she is getting her hand in now as fiancée at present visiting parents, J. R. Souters, at Glen Innes until a few days before wedding.

On the air . . .

LONG-DISTANCE call from Canada . . . Sergeant-Pilot Tom Parsons to wife, Joan, to tell her news of the R.A.A.F. over there.

Meet Joan with sister, Lorraine See, still excited over clear reception and looking very dashing in be-furred black coat and blue-and-mauve floral toque.

Son born . . .

NEWS from India of son born at Poona to Captain and Mrs. A. B. B. Moore . . . former Joy Armitage, married in Melbourne last year, when Captain Moore was A.D.C. to Governor Sir Winston Dugan.

Joy's mother, Lady Armitage, at present with her in India.

Make and mend depot . . .

IF Mary's little lamb should happen to follow her from nursery book to George Street, he would be very welcome at Bank of N.S.W. building, where naval wives are starting spinning at their wartime auxiliary.

Unable to get greasy wool for sea-boot stockings, members of the auxiliary have been given a fifth room at the depot for spinning.

Commodore Muirhead-Gould suggests . . . as money and wool saving scheme . . . depot also follow R.N. example and remake worn garments (new feet in stockings or sleeves in sweaters), ready for reissue to men of the R.A.N.

New make-and-mend department will be run by wives of civilian branch of the navy . . . under the wing of the auxiliary . . . with Mrs. J. T. Barnett (president).

Garden setting . . .

IT'S a case of "Hello, Mr. Chips"—not good-bye—for visitors to market garden and American tea at Greenlees, home of the J. K. Scharls, Gordon . . . all greet fox terrier with handshake (right hand, please, Mr. Chips. Thank you).

Luncheon in attractive paved courtyard, bordered with flowers . . . and the "bring a gift, buy a gift" stall does roaring trade in cream garage . . . proceeds of day for Sydney Hospital.

Laugh with Phyllis (Mrs. Cecil) Scharl . . . Dr. H. K. Scrivener gives her two-shilling "tip" for funds when she carries his purchase of cakes to waiting car.

Repeat success . . .

EVERY Wednesday sees group of young social matrons busy with needle, thread, and price tags at home of Mrs. Lindsay Bell . . . reason, second Opportunity Shop at Coles' basement, September 25.

Committee so pleased with first shop (£600 in one day) for Peter Pan Kindergarten, want to repeat success with another "Sold Out" sign at 5 p.m. This time half proceeds for kindergarten and half for purchase of an ambulance.

On holiday . . .

MR. and Mrs. Harold Gardiner forsake Australia Hotel this Friday to stay with the Cecil Hoskins' at Invergowrie, Exeter. Mrs. Gardiner recuperating after recent illness.

Mrs. Gavin Coberoff takes sons Brian and John home to Parraweena, Willow Tree, for school holidays.

With son Ross, Mrs. Macgregor Cutler is at Blackheath this week, and Mrs. Doug Doyle takes schoolgirl daughter Roslyn to seaside home at Whale Beach.

Mrs. Harrie Vale has grandchildren Jennifer and Carlie Scharl staying with her at mountain home, Fermoy, Leura.

Family names . . .

AFTER six weeks in Sydney, Mrs. Scott McLeod returns to Queensland home, Terrica, near Stanthorpe this week.

New grandchild, two-weeks-old son of Graham and Dorothy Robertson, of Toganmain, Hay, to be called John Scott, after paternal and maternal grandfathers.

Bride's Juliet cap . . .

AT least one member of congregation at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on Thursday week for wedding of Helen Basche and Bombardier Robert Noss will be particularly interested in effect of bride's headdress.

Phyllis Goodwin borrows Helen's pearl Juliet cap with its masses of creamy tulle when she marries Bruce Minell few weeks later.

Helen, tall and dark, chooses classical gown of white beaded crepe for bridal array . . . will carry just four arm lilies. White also for bridesmaids, Peggy and Pat Noss and Nancy Hogan.

Bridegroom's attendants not known until vital question of leave is settled.

Seen around town . . .

MELBOURNE'S Sandra Baillieu lunches at Romano's with A.B. David Wood, also from south . . . David looks very snappy in regulation bell-bottomed trousers.

Ann Bevan back from Kosciuszko after month at Chalet. Says she left too soon to take part in the new snow sport, ski-faring . . . consists of aquaplaning (or rather snow-planing) behind a horse!

Betty Hyles, from Queanbeyan, on one of her frequent visits to town.

And heard . . .

MRS. LENNOX BODE, of Melford, Bowral, is planning few days' visit to town this month.

Still busy with V.A.D. work . . . Noppy Money spends three days each week at the Lady Wakehurst Convalescent Home.



• FASHION DESIGNER, Australian Mavis Ripper, composes own parade at David Jones' and describes mannequin Betty Fowler's striped frock.



• DISCUSSING RACE FORM or furnishings? Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hill, recently married in Melbourne, chatting at Randwick.



• COCKTAIL PARTY for King George Fund for Sailors. Mrs. F. L. Cavae congratulates hostess Mrs. Harold Bott at Bodega Wine Cellars.



• CHEQUE FOR Victory drive from Younger St. Lord Mayor's Fund . . . president (Eve Sheedy) signs name to £450 while Mrs. Paddy Griffin looks on.



• CANDIDATE IN Sydney Hospital Queen competition Nancy Goozee sells programme to Flight-Sergeant C. Hendy at Town Hall concert for hospital funds.



• FLOWERS FOR market garden. Mrs. G. Fillingham (left) helps sister Mrs. C. Scharl pick posies at Greenlees, Gordon.



• "WHO GOES THERE?" Mr. Chips defends his home while Mrs. Athal Levey looks on in garden of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Scharl's home at Gordon.



• HONORARY TREASURER Mrs. Archie Duggan (right) and Mrs. E. S. Greaves plan fashion parade at Trocadero this Tuesday for A.A.M.C.

The Quest of the Golden Fleece

Continued from page 5

The girl went on anxiously: "Well, I thought if someone happened to be flying over in an aeroplane he could drop a message—anywhere in the grounds of the chateau would do. That would not be very difficult—would it?"

"No," he agreed. "It wouldn't be difficult, but it would be against regulations, you know."

"Of course. That is why I wouldn't ask anyone to do it. Do you sometimes go that way?"

"Once in a while."

"But you wouldn't do this little thing for me, would you—would you?"

Cedric wrinkled his forehead as if in an effort to concentrate. "I don't know," he said slowly. "I'd like to, if—"

"I could be very, very kind to you if you helped me," Marie whispered.

"Ah, but that's bribery," he chided. "You could be kind—without that—couldn't you?"

"Yes," she breathed.

"By Jove! That reminds me." He looked at his wrist-watch. "Confound it! I shall have to be getting along," he declared. "I'm on the early show in the morning. Isn't that an absolute curse?"

"You'll see my France perhaps?" Her voice was a caress.

"You bet I shall. I'll think of you, darling."

"And my message?" she said plaintively. "Couldn't you just drop it at the chateau as you fly over?"

"There'd be an awful row if anyone knew," he protested dubiously. Then he made up his mind suddenly. "I won't promise, but you give me the letter and I'll see what I can do."

She uttered a little cry of delight, and running to the desk wrote swiftly on a sheet of paper.

"This is all I need put. It will be enough," she said presently. "Read it, then you can see that it is—how do you say?—above boards." She held out the letter. "You read French?"

"Rather," Cedric gave the paper a perfunctory glance and handed it back.

She put it in an envelope, sealed it, and gave it to him.

He put it in his pocket. "I'll come back to-morrow night and let you know how I got on," he promised. "If I have any luck—you'll have to pay, you know."

"Any price you like," she whispered, kissing him.

"I'll meet you downstairs at the bar at ten o'clock sharp—how's that?"

"I shall be waiting, beloved," she crooned. "You make me so happy."

Cedric looked into her eyes. "I'll do my best," he promised quietly.

Towering masses of blushing cumulus were greeting the dawn when Flight-Lieutenant Delane took off in his Hurricane and headed south, climbing steeply for height.

The machine was inclined to be sluggish on controls, but this caused him no concern for he knew the reason. It was due entirely to a five hundred-pound bomb which his fitter had slung under the fuselage on a rack which he had improvised for the purpose. Normally, being a fighter pilot, Cedric carried no such cumbersome armament.

With the airscrew thrusting distance behind him at the rate of five miles a minute he was not long reaching the Channel; but he did not cross the coast at once. Instead, he circled, climbing to the limit of the machine's performance, glancing sometimes at the altimeter needle, now quivering on the twenty thousand mark, but more often subjecting the sky above and behind him to a long and searching scrutiny.

The cold light of morning grew steadily brighter. A stiff breeze came up from the west, bounding in front of it more masses of cloud, gilded at the top, merging into indigo and purple at the base.

Below, the ground was still three-parts covered with long grey blankets of mist through which the earth showed as a patchwork quilt of sombre greens and browns until it ended abruptly at the colorless void that was the sea.

Beyond it, to the south, a vague, sinister shadow asprawl the horizon, lay France.

After a final survey of the sky behind him, and a glance at the watch on his instrument panel, he turned towards it, making for a strip of blue which in one place split the cloud-mass. Reaching it, he went on into a new and lonely world, a world of gleaming clouds that stretched away on all sides to the infinite distance, where at last they cut a hard line across a ceiling of palest green.

For five minutes he flew on a steady course, on even keel; then, cutting his engine, he began a long glide towards his objective, the Chateau Torette, which lay, he knew, a mere fourteen miles beyond the coast.

As he glided on, his head was seldom still; his eyes, never; they probed the sky incessantly, above, below and around, mile by mile, section by section, until, losing height, he sank into the vapor that hid the ground from view.

The next few minutes he flew "blind," his eyes on his instruments, and then dropped out into the clear immediately over the French coast. No flak from the

German gunners greeted him, which brought a curious smile to his lips, for now that he was under ten thousand feet he knew that the sensitive sound detectors must have picked him up.

Peering ahead and below he could see the river which the chateau commanded, and a few minutes later the building itself appeared.

He took a last look at the sky behind him and settled a little lower in the cockpit. His eyes returned to the chateau, and held it. His lips came hard together until they were no more than a thin straight line as, with a single movement, he jerked the throttle wide open. Simultaneously he pushed the joystick forward and roared down in an almost vertical dive.

Within five seconds the grounds around the chateau were alive with stabbing flocks of orange flame. Flame even leapt from the roof of the building. Snatching a glance over his shoulder, his lips parted in a mirthless smile as he saw his



BLACK LACE frock of Spanish inspiration with tiered skirt and fitted bodice. To this Jean Desses adds a grey figured satin jacket.

trail marked by swirling smoke. But he did not turn, or even swerve.

At a hundred feet from the ground, and perhaps a mile from the chateau, he flattened out. The grey stone building seemed to leap towards him. His hand went to the bomb toggle and the Hurricane rocked as the missile swung clear.

A split second later he was zooming like a rocket, at the same time turning back towards the sea through sky that was being lacerated by flame and hurtling metal. Twice something struck the machine with a force that made him wince; but the aircraft did not falter. Snatching a glance behind he saw that the bomb had found its mark. A cloud of black smoke marked the spot where the chateau had stood.

THE flak died away suddenly, and knowing the reason he looked quickly for it—and found it. A big formation of Messerschmitt 109's was coming down on his tail like a school of winged sharks.

He was not surprised. He would have been more surprised had they not been there.

He did not stay to fight, for that would have been sheer suicide; instead, he raced low across the coast on a course that would take him under the mass of cloud over which he had flown on his outward journey. And as he flew he watched the cloud until there appeared from behind it what he knew was there. It was a squadron of Hurricanes.

He looked back at the Messerschmitts, smiling grimly. "Trapped, my beauties," he breathed, and swung round to join in the combat that was now inevitable.

But the Messerschmitts, too, had seen the British machines; they broke formation, and, scattering, headed back for the coast. But the Hurricanes, having the advantage of height, overtook them. Two enemy machines collided, and plunged whirling into the sea. Another fell in flames on the beach, and another, shedding its parachuted pilot, spun into the ground some way inland. The rest disappeared in the direction of the chateau.

Presently the pursuing Hurricanes returned. Flight-Lieutenant Delane, acting C.O. in the absence of the squadron-leader, took his place at the head of the formation and led it home.

Precisely at ten that night Cedric pushed open the swing doors of the Golden Fleece.

Marie was there, standing at the bar, in earnest conversation with a pilot-officer. She started when he touched her on the shoulder and she saw who it was, spilling a little of her cocktail as she set it down abruptly. A strange expression clouded her eyes for a moment, like a ripple ruffling a pool; but only for a moment.

"What cheer," he greeted pleasantly. "Here I am—right on time." To the boy he said, "You've got my partner—go and find one for yourself."

The boy frowned. "That's a bit tough on me."

Cedric's lips smiled, but there was no humor in his eyes.

"Toughish," he agreed slowly. "But it might have been tougher."

The boy glanced at the rings on Cedric's sleeves, sighed, and departed.

There was only one high stool available at the bar, but an elderly man in a lounge suit, who was toying with a can of beer, slid off the one he was occupying.

"You can have this," he offered casually. "I shan't be here long."

Cedric thanked him.

"Did everything go off all right?" questioned the girl, her eyes on Cedric's face. She seemed to be slightly breathless.

"Oh, so-so, you know. No reason why it shouldn't, was there?"

"No. No—no—of course not," she answered quickly.

Cedric's manner was inconsequential. "You see—er—well, I've had rather more experience than some of the lads—Jimmy Hardy, for instance."

The blood drained slowly from her face, leaving it ashen.

His eyes met hers, squarely. "You knew Jimmy, didn't you?"

She moistened her lips. "Hardy—I don't remember. I've met so many—"

"Yes, I was afraid of that," he said evenly. "But surely you remember Jimmy—good-looking boy with flaxen hair and blue eyes? He used to come here quite a bit."

She frowned, shaking her head. "No, I don't remember a boy of that name."

Cedric took a piece of paper from his pocket. It was a picture cut from a newspaper. "Look," he said, pointing. "A Press photographer took that in here about a week ago. You're in it. So is Jimmy. I could have sworn you were dancing together."

She took the paper and stared at it for a long time. It seemed to fascinate her. The fingers that held it were white with strain, so that the enamelled nails looked like drops of blood. She moistened her lips again.

"Oh, yes," she said slowly. "I remember him now."

"I thought perhaps you would," murmured Cedric smoothly. He went on, reminiscently. "He was a good boy, was Jimmy—at least, until he met a girl here, and fell in love with her."

"Was he—a friend of yours?"

"Rather. He was in my squadron—in my flight, to be precise. I taught him to fly, I was very fond of Jimmy." He hesitated for a moment, looking at her. "Funny thing, coincidence, you know... I mean, about you asking me to take a message to France. The girl he fell for asked him to do just the same thing."

FOR a moment, she was silent, then she asked: "Did he—go?" Her voice was a mere whisper.

Cedric nodded. "Yes. Very silly of him. He should have known better than to do a thing like that."

"How did you—know about it?"

"Because, before he went, he left a note for me in his kit, telling me what he was going to do—just in case. Of course, had he come back, I shouldn't have known anything about it."

"Why did he not—come back?"

Cedric's face was stony. "Because, judging from what I saw myself this morning, there were about a hundred guns waiting for him on the ground, and a score of Messerschmitts in the sky. That's a very big gun they have in the chateau—or perhaps I should say, they had. The message I dropped must have made quite a mess of it. But I had to do it. I felt I owed it to Jimmy. We always try to pay each other's debts, you know. That was why I drifted along here, to see if I could find the girl—he loved."

"The girl—he loved." Her voice was almost inaudible.

"Yes—the girl who gave him—his death warrant." Cedric tapped a cigarette thoughtfully on the back on his hand.

She leaned towards him, so that the fragrance of her hair floated into his nostrils.

"Shall we go—upstairs—and talk about it?" she whispered. "Perhaps I could—"

Cedric shook his head. "Made-moise—er—is it Franklin?" he said coldly. "You gave me all I ever wanted from you when you told me the name of the chateau."

She caught her breath sharply. "What did you do with the message I gave you?" she asked in a voice that had suddenly become hard.

"Matter of fact," he answered carelessly, "I gave it to Inspector Morley of Scotland Yard. I believe he found it interesting—very interesting—particularly that little map someone had drawn on the inside of the envelope. By the way he's the gentleman in the lounge suit, standing at your elbow. I fancy he's waiting to have a word with you, so I'll drift along—if you'll excuse me."

He slid down from his seat.

"It's a bit warmish outside again to-night, sir, ain't it?" remarked the bartender, wiping the bar.

"Warmish—but not so sultry as it is in here," returned Cedric softly, and went out into the darkness.

(Copyright)

MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR WENT LIKE MAGIC!



Make This 3 Minute Test

"I never dared appear in bathing suit or evening dress. I was so ashamed of the ugly hair under my arms and on my arms and legs. I had tried everything—electric needles and amply pastes. Shaving only made the hair grow faster. I was in despair until a friend told me about New 'VEET'. This dainty cream removed absolutely every trace of hair in 3 minutes. Left my skin soft and velvety-smooth."

Just as shaving turns a youth's downy growth into a stiff, coarse beard, so your unwanted hair grows back thicker and coarser when you use a razor. The up-to-date girl uses the latest discovery

of science—New 'VEET'. This dainty, fragrant cream gently dissolves away the hair down below the surface of the skin. Leaves the skin satin-soft, without a trace of stubble—not even a shadow. And actually weakens growth. You will be amazed how quick, easy and pleasant it is to remove hair with New 'VEET'. But never apply it where you want hair to grow again. Successful results guaranteed with New 'VEET' or money returned. 2/6 and 4/6 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

No More Razors Or Smelly Pastes

STINGING CRACKED LIPS quickly healed



After exposure to biting winter winds, skin often gets rough, dry, and chapped and lips split painfully. Then especially you need healing Rexona Ointment.

Rub a little Rexona Ointment gently into the ugly sore cracks. The relief will amaze you. In no time your lips will be healed.

Then it's a simple matter to keep lips soft and lovable, for Rexona contains a special compound of SIX healing medicaments...



Complexions require very special care in winter time, so never be without Rexona Ointment. Those SIX healing medicaments combine to make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

1/7 in the green triangular tin (3 times the quantity, 3/2)

Q.17.12



PRETTY GIRL: Which would you prefer in your husband—wealth or appearance?
SPINSTER: Appearance, my dear, but he's got to appear pretty soon!



"I'm getting ready for the mixed four-somes, Caddy. These are the divots my wife will take and that's where the ball will be after she's taken them."



BOSS (to office boy): You're sacked!
OFFICE BOY: What for, sir? I've done nothing.
BOSS: Exactly—that's why you're sacked.



"I'm going to make a parachute jump from 30,000 feet."
 "But what if the parachute doesn't open?"
 "Oh, that won't stop me!"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Mother, this idea of yours of budgeting my allowance is silly. I had to put in three mistakes this week to make it come out right!"



Excuse me—
Inner Cleanliness
 is important too!

ANDREWS is more than a refreshing health drink and more than a laxative, for it gives you deep-down Inner Cleanliness.

FIRST... Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

NEXT... Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN... Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY... To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently cleans the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making poisons, and thoroughly corrects Constipation.

Andrews is delightfully cooling—the Inner Cleanliness it gives makes an amazing difference to your spirits and appearance—get a supply to-day.



Mandy Size **1/9** Family Size **2/10**
 Buy the larger size for economy.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS
 LIVER SALT

The Pleasant Effervescent Tonic Laxative.

Brainwaves

• A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

HUSBAND: The idea of you paying so much for a diamond ring!

Wife: But think how much it will save in gloves, dear!

"MY new maid is a real gem—bright and neat, and her cooking is simply delightful!"

"How long have you had her?"

"She comes next week."

THE angler had just landed a fish when an inquisitive woman arrived on the scene.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "that poor little fish!"

"Well, madam," retorted the angler, "if he'd kept his mouth shut he wouldn't have got into trouble!"

CITY GIRL: What lovely coats those cows have.

Farmer: Yes; they're Jerseys.

City Girl: Oh, goodness! I thought it was their skin.

"CAN I have another piece of cake, mum?"

"If you want, darling?"

"If you don't want it all yourself."

BASHFUL Young Man: I want to see something very attractive in silk stockings.

Male Assistant: Would you wait a while, sir, she's out at lunch.

Did you
MACLEAN
 your teeth
 to-day?



"HIGH C"
 you did!



MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white.
MACLEANS leaves the mouth clean, refreshed, antiseptic.
MACLEANS tones up the gums... makes them firm, hard and healthy.

1/- and 1/6
 PER TUBE



At Chemists,
 Stores and
 Hairdressers.

Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie Aust. Pty. Ltd. (Inc. in Vic.), Melbourne, C.I.

An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 13, 1941

A QUESTION OF EXCLUSIVE HEADWEAR

BECAUSE Australia cherishes the Digger tradition, voices have been raised in some anger at the report from Singapore that the slouch hat of the Anzacs has been issued to Indian and other Imperial troops in Malaya.



More than a hat, more than a mere item of army issue, is at stake here. A tradition is involved.

Two wars have made the slouch hat distinctively Australian. In this war as in the last, in whatever country the slouch hat has bobbed up has been heard the cry, "Here come the Aussies."

We're jealous of that individuality, of that symbol of the big, lean, brown men from "Down Under" whose fighting fame has rung round the world.

It matters little to us that slouch hats were worn in the Boer War by others and that Gurkhas in the Indian Army in 1914-18 wore them too.

The slouch hat we claim as ours, not trivially because nobody else ever wore a slouch hat, but earnestly because our men wore it when they were making history, and in wearing it then made it part of their shining story.

Twenty-five years is a short time in which to forge a tradition and to cherish a symbol, yet our feeling for the slouch hat is no slighter than the Scot's pride in his ancient tartan, the Guardsman's for his centuries-old bearskin.

The Anzacs wear the slouch hat with an air that can't be imitated, with a nonchalant carelessness that almost conceals their pride in it.

In war symbols mean a lot. A little thing may inspire a man to greatness.

The slouch hat is one of our proudest Australian symbols. We can't share it even with our brothers-in-arms.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each exact published on this page.

Private Max Hickman in Syria to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hickman, Pottery Rd., Lenah Valley, Hobart:

"THE day after the signing of the Armistice we were at an outpost. Everything beyond the occupied area was out of bounds.

"However, someone said there was a river on the other side of the mountain, and we were badly in need of a wash, so Pete McGowan and I decided to take the risk.

"In case there were any fish we took a couple of hand grenades. About two hours' mountaineering brought us into a little township.

"On the corner as we entered was a chemist's shop, and as we passed the chemist greeted us with 'Bon jour, Messieurs!'

"We shook hands, Pete keeping one hand on his grenade (just in case), and by signs the chemist indicated that he wanted us to have a cup of coffee.

"Meanwhile he sent a number of men out on messages, and in a few seconds the shop was full, and two or three hundred people had gathered outside.

"Pete was quite sure we were in a trap, when the crowd parted and a number of fellows whose department marked them as notable came in.

"The foremost spoke in English, and told us that although Syrian by birth he was an American citizen.

"He also told us that Machgarrah was a Syrian township, and that 80 per cent. of the people were British sympathisers.

"He assumed that we were Australian officers (as we were the first British troops to enter the town), and had come to see the place before occupying it.

"Our Yankee friend introduced us to the Mayor, the town councillors, the priest, and two doctors. They then hurried us away to the police station.

"Here 14 gendarmes formed a guard of honor. At the door we were welcomed by the Commissioner and Chief of Police.

"Presently, accompanied by the Commissioner and the Mayor, we toured the town. The streets were lined with people, who cheered and waved.

"Then we inspected a number of houses damaged by our artillery, and assured the owners that they'd get a good hearing when the place had been occupied.

"During our tour quite a number of them asked us for permits to visit other towns in the war zone, and we told them that it was not safe just then, but arrangements would be made as soon as possible.

"In the afternoon we were invited to a function welcoming home a prominent citizen, who had been imprisoned for British sympathies at the outbreak of the show.

"As we entered the door someone said, 'Les Capitaines,' and everyone stood up until we had taken the seats of honor.

"We listened to numerous speeches, drank arak and more coffee—and through the interpreter made our good-byes, the Mayor asking that we bring our troops as soon as possible.

"It would have been just too bad if an officer had arrived while we were there. As it was, we got our ears chewed a bit when we got back."

Winnie the War Winner



"But, Admiral, where's the air-raided shelter?"

A captain in Tobruk to a friend in Pinalba, via Maryborough, Qld.:

"IN Tobruk there is a belt of wooded country where the bush artillery can have a crack at the enemy's nights.

"It consists of all those people who just want to try themselves out.

"For instance, a batch of cooks handle a gun. They use Italian guns and ammunition to match, and blaze away after sighting on the distant telephone posts.

"The other night they were hurling over their ironmongery, when the commander sent back an urgent signal. 'Fire three degrees left, you are shelling our advance patrol...'

"They sent back this one: 'No savvy degrees, how many telephone posts?'"

Staff Nurse Winifred M. Kelly in the Middle East to Mrs. Bradford, Goolwa, S.A.:

"IF you hear anyone criticising the Red Cross, just knock them over, please. They give us such a lot of things. I don't know how the hospital would run without them.

"They seem to supply an endless number of necessities, as well as extras, and we are grateful to all you good folk for this help.

"May was our busiest month. We doubled our number of patients then, before we got reinforcements for our staff.

"I have been in medical wards most of the time, but at the moment am in surgical. It's a great old job, and the men are jolly good.

"Our own hospital garden is worth seeing, especially the gum trees. We even have little African marigolds flowering."

A Victorian padre in Tobruk to a group of 12 Sydney girls who send him comforts for the boys in Tobruk:

"MY little gramophone continues to do good service, though my records are becoming rather badly scored by the sand and dust. On Sunday evening last we had a church service in the wadi, and afterwards a sing-song.

"It might all seem very strange to our churchfolk at home, but the boys seem not to notice any inconsistency between perfect sincerity and attention in the church service and the choice of 'Little Brown Jug' as the first number in the sing-song...

"Shortly after coming here my car was bombed.

"Later I saw an old derelict Italian car in a wadi near the front line. It had no hood, bonnet, battery, seats, or self-starter, and three tyres were flat.

"I got some of the transport boys to tow it out and do what they could to put it on the road. A few days later they presented me with the result of their labors.

"Still hoodless, bonnetless, and seatless, it nevertheless is a car of my own, which I have named Pollyanna.

"To start her, Tom, my batman, pushes her downhill, but she goes. As I drive along I am met by broad grins and good-natured banter on every side, but she serves the purpose.

"The boys are very uncomplaining, and realise the difficulties and dangers connected with supplies."

Private P. H. Jenkins in Libya to Miss Dulcie Daniels in Portland, Vic.:

"I WAS on the missing list for six weeks.

"We were in a fight two or three hundred miles from here, and we were cut off from the rest of our unit.

"We managed to get away, only to find that we were on enemy territory without any transport.

"The only thing to do was to walk. We walked all night, and hid in a cave in the daytime.

"After three days of this we ran out of food, so appealed to the Arabs, who gave us food, showed us where to get water, and gave us directions.

"We were often hungry and thirsty, but when things looked blackest we would strike another Arab tent.

"Arabs used to lay mats down for us to rest on, and then prepare a meal.

"They cooked 'cobbis' (like damper), on a 'haleh,' made out of corn and sour goat's milk.

"We sat around wooden bowls eating with our fingers. Gee, we must have looked a sight.

"We travelled in this way for about four weeks. Then we decided to break up into small groups, as we thought we would stand a better chance that way.

"Two Tommies and I set off together. After two days we met some Arabs, with whom we stayed a week. Then one Arab loaded a camel with water and food, and we plodded along with him for five days. The Arab left the camel then, and we sneaked through the enemy lines into our own.

"The Arab was rewarded, and he is now in the army himself. The Arabs saved our lives. The other boys have not yet turned up, and we have been back five weeks, but we can only hope for the best."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP





STAR PUPILS of the Military Chemical Academy in Moscow, a centre of research on gas warfare.

'Every house a fortress' cries Soviet heroine

Women of Red Army inspire
world with courage and daring

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special
representative in England

Over the air from Russia comes the appeal of 20-year-old Elizabeth Vershova, after receiving the order of the Red Banner for Valor.

"Learn how to use a rifle and hand-grenades," she cried. "Let every house be a fortress."

Elizabeth has been fighting in the front line since the beginning of the war in a unit which fought its way out after being surrounded.

Her uniform was riddled with shrapnel holes, yet she reconnoitred and led the unit safely back through wild paths and ravines in the Minsk area.

THIS is one of many stories telling how, side by side with their menfolk of the Red Army, Soviet women are fighting to prove the Nazis have no power to shake their will to victory. Girls who worked side by side at typewriter and telephone now die side by side in the defence of freedom.

From the burning fields and forests of Russia, from munition factories, machine-gun sectors, tank battalions and airfields come stories of their outstanding heroism. I have seen reports from Stockholm which confirm the brief references to their deeds in Russian communiques.

Bravest of Russia's defenders are the guerrillas—behind-the-line fight-

ers harassing the enemy—and great numbers of these are women.

Typical is the story of two friends, Alyosha and Adrushka. Alyosha and Adrushka worked in a post office. They trained as volunteers in the Women's Army.

One day a call came through to say that the Germans were coming.

The two friends took one last look round the post office at all the things familiar to them—the huge switchboard, typewriters, cable and telegraph machinery, presses, filing cabinets—everything for keeping open vital communications.

It all had to be destroyed—they had had their instructions.

Seizing hammers and cable-cutters, Alyosha and Adrushka slashed away. The post office was soon unrecognisable and unusable,

All volunteers

MILITARY service is not compulsory for Russian women.

All the women of the Soviet fighting forces receive the same pay and treatment as the men.

They are eligible for commissions, some are even commissioned in male regiments.

All officers of women's battalions are chosen by vote by the women themselves. After the election they enter military academies, training beside men in specialised courses.

As a result there are about 150 women serving as senior and junior staff officers, and at least five are generals.

and then the two girls slipped away to join other guerrilla fighters.

In twos and threes guerrillas fanned out into the woods, armed with guns and ammunition.

Alyosha and Adrushka kept together. They followed a track to the swamps, at night-time resting under a leaning tree.

Next morning enemy planes strafed the swamp, machine-gunning the guerrillas.

Alyosha was hit and died beneath the tree that had been her hostel for the night.

For two days Adrushka pushed on alone through the woods and then linked up with the guerrillas, cutting off the German patrol, capturing bicycles and cars.

Later she helped to capture more patrols and then, operating singly, shot her way back to the Russian lines.

Working with trained women soldiers are mothers, even grandmothers.

There is a story of old Anisya, whose granddaughter Ulka went away with the tank corps.

The Germans entered the village, slaying collective farmers right and left.

When the Nazi commander responsible for the massacre held a drunken orgy in the village hall, old Anisya crept around looking for Ulka.

Counted tanks

SHE found her a prisoner, and Ulka whispered in her ear instructions to count the tanks going through and to take the information to a certain place.

Anisya could not count, but she made a tally of light and medium tanks with peas and beans.

Standing at the door of the hut pretending to shell peas she dropped into a bag a pea, a bean, a bean, a pea, till the unit had passed through.

No one heeded the old woman working quietly, but the accuracy of details gleaned by Anisya enabled Russian tank units in conjunction with the Red Air Force to counter-attack.

Behind the German lines, women snipers creep up under cover of camouflage. Trained in the use of a rifle, their sharpshooting is deadly accurate.

There are also whole divisions of sappers and miners composed entirely of women, commanded by women officers. Machine-guns are manned and operated by women working in teams of five.

Others drive light and medium tanks, handling their mechanised steeds with easy confidence after intensive training.

Most of the field telephone services are run and kept in repair by girl-soldier technicians, and tales of their courage are legion.

One girl crawled 600 yards in an open field and repaired a telephone line broken in several places.

Another caught a Fascist scout tapping the Soviet communications. She crawled unobserved behind him, disarmed and captured him.



GUERRILLA FIGHTERS of the Red Army. Thousands of these are women, skilled in use of camouflage and accurate snipers. They harass the Nazis behind the lines.



Are you living HALF the life you could live?

Find yourself half awake in the evenings?

Listening to the radio with only half an ear?

Only half enjoying your rest?

Well, you need a tonic—anyone can see that with half an eye!

Give yourself a course of Kruschen, the TONIC Salts.

Kruschen washes out the impurities in your blood that clog your system and slow you down. Kruschen corrects the acidity that is interfering with your digestion. Kruschen sweetens your breath, clears your skin from within, takes the sallowness out of your complexion and puts the colour back into your cheeks and brightness in your hair.

KRUSCHEN

The TONIC Salts

Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as much as will cover a sixpence; tasteless in tea; almost tasteless in hot water. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

K4-18-41

SUB-DEBUTANTE SAYS:

THE GIRLS WITH LOVELY
SKINS HAVE ALL THE
FUN! I THANK MY
LUCKY STARS FOR
REXONA!

REXONA
is more than a beauty
soap—it's a
Complete Skin
Treatment



Obstinate skin troubles need the wonderful combination treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment together. Even long-standing blemishes disappear, leaving the skin beautifully smooth.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



X.S.37e



Light as thistle-down..

POUDRE SIMON and LA NOUVELLE
POUDRE SIMON are as light as thistle-
down—with this important difference:
They won't blow away but cling to
your skin in all weathers. Marvel-
lously delicate—entirely pure—they
come in a big variety of basic shades

La Nouvelle
POUDRE SIMON
in 9 basic shades.

POUDRE SIMON in 8 basic shades.

Prices 1/6 to 5/9

CRÈME SIMON PRODUCTS
ARE UNIVERSALLY FAMOUS

Rheumatism and Backache Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—
ends all trouble due to faulty kidney action in
double quick time, so if you suffer from Rheu-
matism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache,
Nervousness, Leg Pains, Disasters, Cries under
Eyes, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor En-
ergy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burning,
Smarting Passages, or have frequently to Get
up Nights, go to your chemist today for Cystex
and be fit and well next week.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being
specifically compounded to soothe, tone and
cleanse raw, sore, aching kidneys and bladder and
to remove acids and poisons from your system
safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no
harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex
works in three ways to end your troubles—
(1) Starts killing the germs which are attack-
ing your Kidneys, Bladder, and urinary
system in two hours, yet is absolutely
harmless to human tissue.
(2) Gets rid of health destroying, deadly poi-
sonous acids with which your system has
become saturated.
(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys,
protects you from the ravages of disease-
attack on the delicate filter organ, and
stimulates the entire system.

Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and
Bladder trouble and it has made a different
woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all
my work, run about and walk miles although I
am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you desire for
it."—(Sally) M. L. Zullo, Thompson Estate,
Brisbane.

Now Able to Walk Without Stick

"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in
leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking
stick. I have used this medicine of Cystex, now I
have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the
greatest medicine in the world for Kidney com-
plaint."—(Sally) J. McPherson, Nangberrone
Station, N.S.W.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist
today. Give it a thorough test.
Cystex is guaranteed to make
you feel younger, stronger,
better in every way, in 24
hours and to be completely
well in 1 week or your money
back if you return the empty
box. Act now!
New in 3 sizes—1/10, 4/2, 5/4

This is a
GUARANTEED Cystex
Remedy
for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

The Australian Women's Weekly NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be
considered. A stamped addressed
envelope should be enclosed if the
return of the manuscript or picture
is desired. Manuscripts and pic-
tures will only be received at sender's
risk, and the proprietors of The Aus-
tralian Women's Weekly will not be
responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for
prizes unless they do not receive
payment within one month of date
of publication. In the event of
similar contributions the Editor's
decision is final.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ MAJOR BARBARA

(Week's Best Release)

Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison,
Robert Newton. (Gaumont-British.)

THIS brilliant British film brings
another one of Bernard Shaw's
famous plays to the screen. "Major
Barbara" is the story of a clash of
ideals, and as such is most unusual
and provocative screen fare. It is
superbly acted, by players some of
whom you already know, and it
makes mentally stimulating as well
as controversial entertainment.

Here is the story. Daughter of a
munitions magnate, Wendy Hiller is
an enthusiastic and inspiring mem-
ber of the Salvation Army. Rex
Harrison, an amusing intellectual,
sees Wendy at a street meeting, and
to be near her joins the Army. But
when Wendy's father (amazingly
played by Robert Morley) not only
gives the Army a colossal subscrip-
tion from his armaments wealth, but
offers Rex an enormous job in his
factories, Wendy's idealism is
sorely shaken. For both the Army
and Rex accept the magnate's gener-
osity.

How Wendy finds clear beliefs and
personal happiness again makes the
story. Shaw's satire is most evident
in the film: so is his zest for odd
characterisation. Robert Newton, as
the bully from the slums who falls
under Wendy's influence, gives one
of the finest performances in a fine
film.

You will find humor, and tend-
erness, too, in "Major Barbara." You
will find material for great
argument, and also support for
ideals. For the armaments baron's
money is in the end accepted by
Wendy, not as charity, but as a
weapon to fight for the new order
—of which her father heartily dis-
approves. Gabriel Pascal, who pro-
duced "Pygmalion," too, is respon-
sible for the brilliant treatment of
"Major Barbara" for skilful hand-
ling of the superabundant Shaw
dialogue, and for the vivid at-
mosphere in both London slum and
London mansion. Never once does
he allow his plot or his players to
slip into the routine of Hollywoodian
film presentation.—Century; show-
ing.

★★★ GO WEST

Marx Brothers. (MGM.)

IF you like the mad Marx brothers,
don't miss this one. It's their
best in a long time. There are
lively new gags and plenty of side-
splitting lines.

Time is 1870. Settling, the woolly
west. Prospectors for easy pickings,
the Marxes, engaged in a desperate
chase for the deed to valuable prop-
erty, whirl you through dance hall,
stage coach, and desert waste scenes.
They wind up with a hair-raising
train ride in which Harpo silently
removes the train fixtures to pro-
vide fuel for the engine. It's ab-
surd, but it's grand fun.

Harpo strums the harp, Chico
the piano, John Carroll sings and,
with Diana Lewis, supplies the ro-
mance. And Groucho, of the black
moustache, is at his most exuberant.
—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★★★ UNDERGROUND

Philip Dorn, Jeffry Lynn, Karen
Verne. (Warners.)

SOMBRE, grim, perhaps too much
so for popular tastes, "Under-
ground," story of the anti-Nazi
movement within Germany, and in
particular of the freedom radio, is
an eloquent and moving film.

The central figures in its drama
are Philip Dorn as the young leader
of these secret patriots who operate
by means of an "illegal" radio; his
brother, Jeffry Lynn, idealistic
young Nazi, invalided home from
the army; and Karen Verne, girl
member of Dorn's group, who falls
in love with Lynn.

These three give fine, sincere per-
formances. Mona Marks, Peter
Whinney, and Ika Gruning are
convincing in lesser roles. — Hay-
market-Civic; showing.

★ THE LADY FROM CHEYENNE

Loretta Young, Robert Preston,
(Universal.)

THIS film, which deals in satirical
vein, with the way women won
the vote in the dusty days of old
Wyoming, is rather dull entertain-
ment. The story is poor, the situa-
tions fantastic, often to the point
of absurdity.

The plot deals with the efforts
of schoolmarm Loretta Young to
prevent crooked gambler Edward

Here's hot news from the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and
BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD will play its part
in the "V for Victory"
campaign with the film that
producer David O. Selznick will
make soon. Its title is "..."

—Morse code for V.
Selznick has just registered this
title, together with "V" and "V
for Victory."

The film will almost certainly
be made before "Claudia" and
"Jane Eyre," both on Selznick's
programme.

ALICE FAYE is begging her studio
to let her fly to Chicago to join
her husband, Phil Harris, for a short
vacation. For Phil's birthday, Alice
sent him a silver pocket case bearing
two pictures, one of Alice and Phil
and the other of Phil's six-year-old
adopted son.

BEATRICE LILLIE is in the news
again. She has been approached
to do a series of comedies with
Charles Ruggles for RKO. Her last
Hollywood appearance was with Bing
Crosby in "Dr. Rhythm" in 1938.

CARY GRANT, Ronald Colman,
Basil Rathbone, Brian Aherne,
and Herbert Marshall meet once a
week in Beverly Hills as committee
members of the Los Angeles British
Consulate War Advisory Council.
They consider for approval every
proposed "Bundles for Britain" bene-
fit.

BRITAIN delivers the goods — to
the Hollywood sound stages.
For "Smilin' Through" two tables
and a chair of period furniture were
unwrapped on stage 28 as the set
decorators got to work preparing the
scene. On the packing-case in letters
half a foot high the admiring men
read the inscription, "Convoys
safely by the British Navy."

BETTE DAVIS is thrilled at the
prospect of finally meeting her
favorite author, Somerset Maugham.
The famous writer has been in
Hollywood for some time. A luncheon
has been arranged for Bette to
meet the creator of her two best
roles—the waitress in "Of Human
Bondage" and the murderess in
"The Letter."

ANN RUTHERFORD is thrilled
to be getting out of the perpetual
ingenue rut to play in "Bad Lands
of Dakota," the part Miriam Hop-
kins refused.

LILI DAMITA was seen dining
with Mrs. Hal Rosson and tell-
ing tales of the cute tricks of the
new Flynn baby.

TALL, dark, and handsome Alberto
Villa, from South America, has
just signed a contract with Para-
mount. He will play the leading
role in "Hula Hula" as soon as
he learns to speak English better.
He is taking lessons daily, and his
chiefs feel he is a sensational find.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Arnold from exploiting the local
townspeople. The men of the town
are cowed by Arnold, so Loretta,
single-handed, wages a campaign
to get the franchise for women so
that a jury of women can convict
Arnold for his misdeeds.—State;
showing.

★ MODEL WIFE

Joan Blondell, Dick Powell. (Uni-
versal.)

MARRIED in real life, Joan Blon-
dell and Dick Powell appear as
husband and wife in this amusing
light-hearted farce.

They play a young couple who
both work in an exclusive dress
salon—concealing their marriage
from stern Lucile Watson, who runs
the salon. The pair want to settle
down to a happy home life, but Joan
can't afford to lose her job.

Joan and Dick give natural, zest-
ful portrayals, and provide plenty of
laughs. Lee Bowman as the play-
boy is well cast, while Charles
Ruggles and Ruth Donnelly add to
the fun.—State; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Fantasia. Walt Disney fea-
ture. Brilliant, controversial, new
entertainment, which welds music
to cartoon. Embassy; 4th week.

★★★ The Lady Eve. Barbara
Stanwyck, Henry Fonda in glit-
tering romantic farce. Prince Ed-
ward; 4th week.

★★★ Freedom Radio. Diana Wyn-
yard, Clive Brook in stirring
drama of freedom-lovers inside
Germany. Lyceum; 4th week.

★★★ Citizen Kane. Orson Welles.
Revolutionary artistic achieve-
ment, marks advance in screen
technique. Plaza; 2nd week.

★★ Lady Hamilton. Vivien Leigh,
Laurence Olivier in splendid his-
torical drama. Regent; 6th week.

★★ The Ziegfeld Girl. Judy Gar-
land, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner
in attractive musical. Liberty;
5th week.

★★ Men of Boys' Town. Spencer
Tracy, Mickey Rooney in heart-
warming sequel to Boys' Town.
St. James; 4th week.

TOUGH OLD COUGH



YIELDS TO NEW
CANADIOL
MIXTURE

You can get to-day at any chemist or
store a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL
Mixture (triple acting)—by far the
largest-selling cough medicine in all of
blisteringly cold Canada—take a
couple of doses and sleep sound
all night long. One little sip and
the ordinary cough is "on its
way"—continue for 2 or 3
days and you'll hear no more
of that tough hang-on cough
that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Buckley's
CANADIOL
MIXTURE
Chilton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made
Mixture That Quickly Darkens It

Mrs. Mary J. Hayes, a well-known
nurse, makes the following statement
about grey hair: "The use of the fol-
lowing remedy, which you can make
at home, is the best thing I know of
for streaked, faded or grey hair, which
turns black, brown or light brown as
you desire. Of course, you could do
the mixing yourself to save expense.

"Just get a small box of Orifex
Compound from your chemist and mix
up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce
Glycerine and a half-pint of water.
This only costs a little. Comb the
liquid through the hair every other
day until the mixture is used up. It
is absolutely harmless, free from
grease or gum, is not sticky and does
not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you
have any, quickly leaves your scalp,
and your hair is left beautifully soft
and glossy. Just try this if you would
look years and years more youth-
ful."



L'Orfex brings beauty
to your hands

L'Orfex lovely shades of nail
polish adorn your hands at excep-
tionally low cost. L'Orfex gives
splendid wear, its colours do not
fade or chip off. Compare its value
with more expensive polishes—6/6d.

L'Orfex
NAIL POLISH
Colourless, Natural,
Old Rose, Copper
Rose, Windsor
Rose, Claret,
Bacchante Red,
Orchid, Santal,
Camellia.



6/6d.
Bottle

The Movie World

September 13, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

17

She beat the band

By JOAN McLEOD,
in Hollywood.

LAST year when band-leader Kay Kyser went to Hollywood to make pictures for RKO, he took his whole band, including his soloist, Ginny Simms.

The outfit made two musical comedies, "That's Right, You're Wrong" and "You'll Find Out," and was so successful that it has already started on a third.

But the real hit of the show—both of them—was Ginny. Impressed by her brunette charm and her acting ability, as much as by her tuneful voice, RKO has signed her to make pictures independent of the band.

Five years ago, Ginny—short for Virginia—left her parents' ranch home in California, armed with a teacher's diploma and a burning ambition to do anything but teach.

She began singing with Tom Gerun's band in San Francisco hotels and ballrooms; then, signing up with Kay Kyser, she went into radio.

She's been with Kay ever since, and it is rumored that the pair are married.

Although she is a Californian, Ginny speaks with just the trace of a Southern accent. "A number of the boys in the band besides Kay are Southerners," explains the crooner. "And I get so used to hearing them talk in the soft, shurring manner of the South that I find myself doing it too."

Hobbies? Her quaintest of grand passions is out-of-the-way eating places. Whenever they have time she and Kay set off in search of exotic menus.

But although she dotes on unusual food—and doesn't have to consider her waistline—Ginny has no idea how to cook even the plainest of dishes!

"I've been too busy so far to have much time to learn to cook," says Ginny.

● CHARMING, sophisticated Ginny Simms, soloist in Kay Kyser's famous radio band, has signed to make pictures for RKO—independent of Kyser. She has the lead in "Playmates." Twenty-six-year-old Ginny is known as the best-dressed radio star in America—and she does it all on a budget.



TWO MEN and a GIRL . . .



1 SMALL TOWN singing teacher Nancy (Irene Dunne) is the happiest person at the wedding of her young sister (Kathryn Adams) because it frees her from family responsibilities, and allows her to seek her long-dreamed-of opera career in the big city.



2 NEW YORK BOUND, Nancy meets wealthy man of the world Steve Duncan (Preston Foster), who embarks on a mild train flirtation, and captures Nancy's heart.



3 FAILING in her grand opera audition Nancy has to find employment, and is hired by nightclub owner (Walter Catlett) to sing birthday greetings to customers.



4 STEVE'S APPEARANCE at the club with a birthday party, including his cynical brother Tom (Robert Montgomery), enraptures Nancy—but Steve has forgotten her.



5 HEARING from Tom, who thinks her a stranger to Steve, that his brother is to be married next day, the unhappy Nancy recklessly accepts Tom's sudden proposal.

MIXING DRAMA WITH COMEDY

UNIVERSAL director Gregory La Cava gave the intriguing title of "Unfinished Business" to his Dunne-Montgomery-Foster film.

La Cava himself chose the title because, said he, "it expresses the mixture of comedy and drama in the triangle-romance."

As a man who has directed comedies such as "My Man Godfrey," and dramas such as "The Primrose Path," La Cava knows what he is talking about. More, he likes to have players who can switch from pathos to diverting scenes with ease.

Tales are told in Hollywood of high stars who have flounced off the set, because they found La Cava's direction too difficult. The trouble is that he demands initiative and intelligence in his players as well.

La Cava likes to make up new dialogue for a scene right on the set. He says that this gets spontaneity into a picture. He also likes to introduce action-scenes which are not in the script—and he likes his cast to make bright suggestions. And he considered Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery, and Preston Foster 100 per cent. on all counts.



SHE STEPS FORTH TO CONQUER . . .

Heads turn—hearts quicken—in spontaneous homage as she passes. Zealously she cherishes her loveliness with an enchanting make-up. Piquant individuality is her fortune, so she chooses Paul Duval Personalised Cosmetics.

You, too, can reveal your loveliest self with a Paul Duval ENSEMBLE MAKE-UP.

Exquisitely superfine Face Powder . . . 3/6
Companionate Rouge 2/6, 3/6
and Matching Lipstick 2/9, 3/9

paul duval
PERSONALISED COSMETICS

AVAILABLE AT ALL SMART CHEMISTS & EXCLUSIVE STORES



6 MARRIED LIFE of the disillusioned couple settles down into happiness, for Tom and butler (Pallette) adore Nancy.



7 INVITING Steve to a party, Tom finds he not only knew Nancy before, but now returns love she cannot conceal.

YOU'VE ADMIRERED **joyces** IN:

NOW WE CAN CALL YOU TO...



Off-to-Sport Shoes



Walk-down-Town Shoes



Do-the-Shopping Shoes



Off-to-Work Shoes



Shoes of a New Order* by joyce

Formality, the world over is on the wane, making the arrival of **joyce** shoes in Australia the newest news in the stores this Spring. England's brave women at war wear **joyces** with uniforms, with slacks, with "shelter" suits, for entertaining behind black-out curtains. America's smartest women wear **joyces** with everything but their most formal frocks.

And now you too will wear **joyces**. You too will know the eroded comfort of their scientific fittings. You too will thrill to the "lift" they give to the simplest frocks, to the calculated meaning of their styles and colours, to the fun of mixing your clothes with **joyce** Match-maker sets of bag, belt and shoes. For now **joyces** are as close to you as your nearest city store. And you'll love them in true life as much as you did in the pages of fat, glossy oversea magazines. **joyce** bags from 16/11, **joyce** belts from 3/6, and **joyce** shoes from 19/11.

joyce

(CALIFORNIA) PTY. LTD.

JOYCE (CALIFORNIA) PTY. LTD., FELTEX HOUSE, 261 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

"Corral"—a Crude travel and resort shoe by **joyce** as far ahead in its field as the air-liner is ahead of Cobb & Co's coaches. "Corral's" saddle stitching includes a bag to form a Match-maker set that will lift your business coat, that will freshen your crisp linen frock, that will complement stockings and untanned legs alike. Match-maker items can be bought separately.



"Chaps"—champion foot-pamperers on an Indian fringed theme by **joyce**—are chuck-a-block with fashion news. Of an entirely new leather, Palomino, and of a wonderful tobacco colour known as Raw Tan. "Chaps" go your way in Match-maker sets that will put a new zest into your more casual clothes, and will relax more formal frocks, helping them to do double duty. Match-maker items can be bought separately.



"Pony Boy" Yippee! It's "Pony Boy" by **joyce**. With a gay bandana at throat it lassoes a matching bag—and a bandana for your own throat to put you on your high horse. You can stage your own Koden—switching bag, scarf, blouse, skirt, frock, shoes in an endless parade of new ensembles that have all the colour excitement of the Wild, Wild West. Match-maker items can be bought separately.

David Jones, Anthony Horderns, Macnaughts, Snooks, Myer's, Georges

SYDNEY

SYDNEY

SYDNEY

SYDNEY

MELB.

MELB.



Keen racegoers are George Murphy and wife, the former Juliette Johnson, to whom he has been happily married for fourteen years.

MURPHY'S luck of the IRISH



After dancing for twelve years on the screen, thirty-seven-year-old MGM player George Murphy is winning a surprise success in straight roles. His next is the Ann Sothern film, "Panama Hattie."

DANCER TAKES LEADS IN ROMANTIC COMEDIES

By Christine Webb, in Hollywood

GEORGE MURPHY is putting by his dancing shoes, and is rapidly becoming one of the most sought after of Hollywood's young leading men for straight romantic comedy.

And notice I call him young. George is thirty-seven. But his naturally exuberant personality causes people who meet him to think him very much younger.

This talented Irishman has been dancing on the screen for twelve years.

He began in a very small way in "Kid Millions," later in "Good News" and "Roberta."

He became Eleanor Powell's first dancing partner, in "Broadway Melody of 1938." Then his career stood still.

But last year the shortage of leading men gave George his chance to prove his acting ability.

Minor dancing

RKO borrowed him from MGM for "The Navy Steps Out" and the Ginger Rogers film, "Tom, Dick, and Harry."

In both, his dancing is confined to a few brief sequences.

He was given leading roles in the Maisie film, "Cash and Carry," and in Judy Garland's "Little Nelly Kelly" at MGM.

To-day he is working in the Ann Sothern film, "Panama Hattie," in what is said to be his most important romantic lead to date.

Although he has been so long in Hollywood, George's life is almost a closed book to fans and to many people in the movie colony itself. Reason, he shuns publicity.

Yet he is one of the most interesting and progressive men in this town.

He has invented a liniment for

relieving aches and pains. He marketed this very successfully last year.

He writes prolifically. He and his wife have completed the script of a film based on their life together, highlighting their struggles to crash the stage. It's called "Let's Dance."

He has also written an original screen story dealing with the life of his father, the late Mike Murphy, one of the most famous amateur athletic trainers in America.

Collecting hats of all sizes and periods is his quaint hobby. He keeps them carefully tabulated in a large room in his home. These he allows special friends to view.

George is quite an athlete, and has fought in various training bouts with Lee Romage, American heavy-weight champion. According to Lee, he gives him a very good match.

A good tennis player, he is president of the tennis club at West Side, where he and his charming wife, the former Juliette Johnson, his ex-dancing partner, have their home.

George and Juliette avoid nightclubs, but do a good deal of entertaining. Their close friends are the Robert Montgomerys, also several well-known fighters, football players, and track stars.

Born in New Haven, George attended Yale University to study mining engineering. In order to get practical experience he took a job in a coal mine, but was seriously injured when a cable broke as he was being lowered into a shaft.

After he recovered he took up dancing to strengthen his legs.

In New York he met his wife, whom he married in 1927, and they

became dancing partners, quickly winning popularity in Broadway night spots. Later they toured England and the Continent, where they were favorites in the cafes and nightclubs.

On returning home the pair were engaged for a season to dance in Hollywood nightclubs. While there, George, in a generous spirit, agreed to help a girl out by making a screen test with her at MGM.

After one look at the test, however, MGM handed a contract to the surprised George, not the girl.



1. Are you taking sledge hammer blows on your system each morning? Constant use of harsh purges plays havoc with delicate internal muscles. Constipation becomes more serious. Increased purging only aggravates your condition. Never helps.



2. Ordinary constipation ends only when you get more "bulk" into your system. "Bulk" mostly comes from raw vegetables and fruit—but we never eat enough. However, Kellogg's All-Bran is prepared especially to give the bowels the same "bulk" they get from fruit and vegetables. This "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran brings about a normal, natural movement. (See chart.)



STOMACH—where food is prepared for further digestion.
SMALL INTESTINE—where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.
LARGE INTESTINE—into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes.



3. This diagram shows how food is digested and absorbed into the system. Food not absorbed passes into large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough the muscles can't get hold of it. You get constipated.



4. When the intestinal muscles get all the "bulk" they need, they function regularly. You feel full of life again. So start your breakfast each morning with two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran, a nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Kellogg's All-Bran comes from the packet ready to serve just with milk and sugar. (Let milk soak in.) Within a week you will be regular.

ONE WEEK LATER
YIPPEE!
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN HAS GOT ME REGULAR AS CLOCKWORK!

ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TOMORROW.



In thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfect eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eyelash Grower.

PROVED By Thousands

No matter how scant your eyelashes, how indistinct your eyebrows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will positively increase their length and thickness. Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe. If unobtainable locally, 2/6 post free from Le Charme Dept. N.E.4 Box 2242, G.P.O., Sydney.



ALL IN the DAY'S WORK



OFF FOR LUNCH. Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, after doing light comedy scenes for "Skylark" on the Paramount sound stage, stepping outdoors into a sudden shower, shared Claudette's umbrella.



HOME-GIRL. Appealing little Carolyn Lee, who scored a hit in "Virginia," posed for the Paramount cameraman on her fifth birthday, which she celebrated with a cake and a tour round the garden.



● **TWO DUMB FRIENDS.** Champion Carmichael and Bob Hope, both in "Nothing But the Truth," waited their call together on the doorstep of Bob's dressing-room.



FUN ON SET. Director Mitchell Leisen arranged Paulette Goddard, Charles Boyer, Olivia de Havilland, stars of "Hold Back the Dawn," for "still" photograph symbolic of story's romantic triangle.

EVENING SILHOUETTES...

New season's glamor gowns are sophisticated or sweetly sentimental, to suit your type, say New York designers.

SKETCHES
BY
PETROV



● Enchanting shirt-waist style of white lawn printed with large red poppies and green sprays. Deep blue lace insertion follows the line of the print and the waist is girdled in green velvet. (Left).

● Dinner gown of rich purple crepe combining rounded, extended shoulders with the asymmetric bodice and tunic line, all adapted from the Chinese. Appliqued silk flowers in green and pink. (Centre).

● Long-torso bodice in pottery-red crepe with draped bra top and draped sleeves is enhanced with a wide-spreading skirt in beige with vivid horizontal stripes in red, yellow, and green. (Right).

SIMPLE STYLES . . . suave details



● Navy sheer wool bolero frock with heavy white cut-out embroidered linen set in at the yoke of the dress and applied on the shoulders of the bolero. The wide-brimmed sailor is of shiny white straw with navy veil. (Above.)



● Natural knoppe linen is used for the attractive coat of this ensemble. The bright green and white coin-spot crepe of the frock effectively garnishes the coat. (Top centre.)



● Luggage-tan shantung for a frock featuring the long-torso bodice and skirt with front fullness. The natural linen and brown calf bag matches the two tones in the shoulder-spray. (Above.)

o o o

● A full-skirted frock of white crepe printed with red flowers and green spots. This is worn with a brilliant red linen jacket and a red straw halo-bonnet. (Left.)



CLASSIC SHIRTWAISTS...

Casual, beguilingly young trend for all occasions. Shirtwaists are perennial favorites for summer, because they are absurdly flattering and so cool.



● Cinnamon - tan and white striped cotton with panel skirt and non-chalant top, made on loose lumber-jacket lines.

● Silk linen in mushroom-pink spotted with white and achieving fullness with soft pleats. (Above.)

● The shirtwaist blouse in ultra-feminine mood, interpreted in white organza garnished with tucks and Val. lace. (Top Centre.)

● Aqua-blue silk crepe over-checked in white with panels of pleats. Cuffs, belt, and shirt-collar are in white pique. (Above.)

● For informal evenings—the lovely shirtwaist dinner dress done in dull black crepe with a frosting of white pique.



You can wash
Hoyle's merriespun
every week—
it never goes fuzzy!

Don't you love the cool, smooth "feel" of a new rayon frock? Washing has always taken away this smoothness . . . brought up a nap or fuzz. This spoils the fresh, new look of your frock and makes it feel "hot" against your skin.

Thanks to a new process the famous English house of CEPEA FABRICS has developed a beautiful rayon — Hoyle's Merriespun — which you can wash every week if you like and it will never feel fuzzy. Never fade. It will always feel beautifully smooth against your skin because Hoyle's Merriespun keeps its smooth surface no matter how often it's washed!

GUARANTEED — fast —
crease-resisting — washable



Hoyle's merriespun

3'11 YD.

WOMEN'S FROCKS FROM 19/11

Children's from 14/11

EVERYWHERE

FLORALS! PASTELS! STRIPES! COLORED SPOTS ON WHITE! WHITE SPOTS ON COLORED AND NAVY!

Fashion PATTERNS

F2147.—Smartly tailored slacks and youthful, loose-hanging smock-jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds. and 1½yds. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F3308.—Slender frock with smart pockets and pert bolero. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds. for frock, 1yd. for bolero, and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3307.—Unusual frock with sophisticated side gatherings and bracelet-length sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3306.—Dewy-fresh style designed for young things of 8 to 16 years. Requires: 3 to 3½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide, and 6yds. braid. Pattern, 1/4.

F3299.—Ideal for summer—a youthful sailor blouse and finely pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds. for blouse and 2½yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2148.—Softly-draped evening frock, featuring a shaped and spangled corselette. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 8yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2149.—Loosely-fitting and figure-flattering house-gown with high neckline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

Please Note! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



Special Concession Pattern

Three summer styles that are chic and cool.
Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

- No. 1.—Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 2.—Requires: 3½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.
No. 3.—Requires: 3½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue, 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.
Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under—
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 4097, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 1850, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
R.Z. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (R.Z. readers use money orders only).
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET TOWN
SUBURB SIZE
STATE
Pattern Coupon, 13/9/41.

F3299

F2149

F2148

Prepare for Spring

Make-up cannot camouflage a skin that is dried and flaked by harsh Winter winds. And so, with Spring just around the corner, you must guard your skin against the havoc of bleak weather with regular Cashmere Bouquet HOME BEAUTY ROUTINE. Just a few minutes a day spent on this simple, inexpensive beauty treatment will keep your skin as soft and smooth as the petals of a flower.

Thorough Cleansing

1 At night, use a generous quantity of Cashmere Bouquet CLEANSING CREAM to cleanse deep into the pores, melting away all impurities and cosmetic dyes. Then wash your face in luke warm water with Cashmere Bouquet Soap.



1 Cashmere Bouquet Cleansing Cream. 1/1d. . . 2/8d.



Efficient Nourishing

2 Harsh weather flakes and dries your skin. Pat in Cashmere Bouquet TISSUE CREAM every night to nourish the tissues, strengthen the muscle fibres and keep the skin smooth and flexible.



2 Cashmere Bouquet Tissue Cream. 1/1d. . . 2/8d.

Safe Stimulation

3 In the morning brace and stimulate your skin to a radiant glow before make-up, by patting briskly with Cashmere Bouquet SKIN TONIC ASTRINGENT applied on a cotton-wool pad moistened with water.



3 Cashmere Bouquet Skin Tonic Astringent. 1/7d. . . 3/9d.

Cashmere Bouquet

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Chrysanthemum table set

A brand-new design — easy to make

YOU will be delighted with this charming set for your dining-table or side-board. It is traced on natural crash, cream linen, and linora in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, and green. The round mat measures 15in. x 15in. on crash, and 18in. x 18in. on linora and linen. The centre mat measures 12in. x 15in. on crash, and 12in. x 18in. on linora and linen, and the smaller mats 7in. x 7in. on crash, and 8in. x 8in. on linora and linen.

The design should be worked in the natural colors of the

flowers, and stranded cottons in these designs may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 2½d. per skein.

In crash: Round mat, 2/9; oval mat, 2/-; small mat, 9d.; complete set, comprising 1 round, 1 oval, and 2 small mats, 5/9.

In linora: Round mat, 1/7; oval mat, 1/3; small mat, 7d.; complete set, comprising 1 round, 1 oval, and 2 small mats, 3/9.

In cream linen: Round mat, 2/11; oval mat, 2/6; small mat, 1/-; complete set, comprising 1 round, 1 oval, and 2 small mats, 6/9. All plus 2d. postage.

Cool frock-coat

Designed for 2 to 6 years

THIS effective little style may be obtained from our Needlework Department, traced on good quality linora in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The design is very clearly traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider.

Sizes: 2-4 years, 3/8 each; 4-6 years, 4/3 each. Plus 3d. for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/3. Embroidery transfer, price 1/3 extra.



No. 121. An engaging summery style that young things will love, because it looks so sweet and is comfy to wear.



No. 123. Vivacious little frock, traced ready to make up, on linora, which washes perfectly.

Pretty frock

Embroidered in gay flowers

AN enchanting frock for your small daughter. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on linora in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green.

The pattern and embroidery designs are very clearly marked, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. You will find this very simple to do.

Sizes: 2-4 years, 3/6 each; 4-6 years, 4/3 each; 6-8 years, 4/9 each. Plus 3d. for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/3 each. Embroidery transfer, price 1/3 extra.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O., Brisbane: Box 408F, G.P.O., Melbourne: Box 180C, G.P.O., Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O., Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O., Sydney: Box 408W, G.P.O. If calling, 116 Castlereagh St., Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

18 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 6d. jars.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Skin Sores? Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores like magic. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Bolls, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your Chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm NOW 2/1
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

A DELIGHTFUL NEW SET which is obtainable in natural crash, linora in white, cream, and pretty pastels, or cream linen at our Needlework Department at very modest prices.

4 Common figure faults corrected instantly with amazing new REDUCING CORSET

★ The New Contour Corset will correct your Figure Faults instantly—and massage away all Unwanted Fat from Thighs, Hips, Abdomen and Diaphragm. 1 inch in 10 Days—5 inches in 15 days are reports

received daily. The New Contour Corset is Made-To-Measure from a non-rubber Special Reducing Fabric that is Smooth, Light, Soft and Comfy. You'll never have a moment's discomfort in a New Contour Corset.



BULGING DIAPHRAGM



FULL BACK TYPE



SPREADING HIP



ROLL OVER TOP OF CORSET

★ CORSET MATERIAL
Specially woven, non-rubber floral designed peach shade Reducing Fabric. Washable, dependable and lasting.

★ INNER FASTENERS
Cute Fasteners which snap into place in a jiffy. Made to lie perfectly flat and prevent twisting or riding up.

★ CONTROLAX INSERT
A Controlax Insert on both sides is responsible for the continual massage-like action of The New Contour Corset.



★ CONTOURFRONT
Reinforced wrap-over Contourfront controls abdomen and diaphragm comfortably and also gives perfect flatness.

★ OUTER FASTENERS
Frontal - Draw, Rapid - Lock and Instant Slip Off Fasteners which ensure a Slick-lined wrinkle free front.

★ NEW HIP CONTROL
New Method of Hip Treatment, exclusive to the New Contour Corset, eliminates bulge and gives unbroken lines.

SENT ON 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
A BLISSFUL SENSATION

How Thrilling it is to let your body surrender to the unobtainable "real" of this Gorgeous Garment. So kindly does it Reduce—So gently does it Support your figure—that you forget you have Hips, Thighs or an Abdomen. You are always Relaxed—though firmly supported.

A DUAL-PURPOSE GARMENT

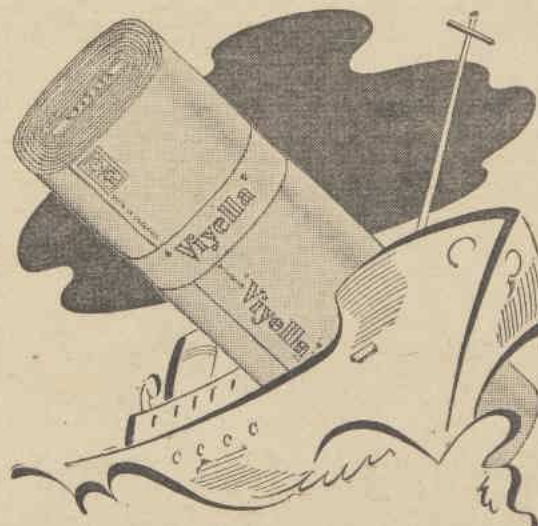
Being especially designed for your requirements—it Glamorously flattens the most uncontrollable figure—achieving a Slick, Smooth, Second-Skin Fit—Fashionably Styled for Smartness and Perfectly Suited for Action.

NO MONEY NEEDED

You do not have to buy a New Contour Corset to test its many virtues. SEND YOUR WAIST, HIPS AND THIGH MEASUREMENT NOW—for We Want you TO WEAR one FOR 10 DAYS At Our Expense.

★ THOSE ABLE TO CALL ARE INVITED TO DO SO
NEW CONTOUR CORSETRY
819 Dymock's Bldg., 428 George Street, Sydney

BRITAIN ALWAYS DELIVERS THE GOODS



'Viyella' continues to arrive

"Carrying on" in the true British tradition, the manufacturers of 'Viyella' House Products are still producing the exact pre-war guaranteed qualities. Should you experience difficulties in obtaining your requirements, write direct to this address:

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LIMITED
Box 3335 PP, G.P.O., Sydney

Viyella and Clydella
MADE IN ENGLAND

If they shrink we replace



★ THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON YOUR HAIR!



Hair is fashion news! Today your hair **MUST** be beautiful and exquisitely groomed.

Try one bottle of Barry's Tri-coph-erous and see how it keeps your hair silken-soft, easy to manage and gleaming with lovely highlights.

Use Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stop Falling Hair, Dandruff, Premature Greyness, Dry or brittle hair, Over-oily or itching scalp.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
FAMOUS HAIR TONIC AND DRESSING
Sold by all Chemists & Stores. 3/3 bottle.



YOUR BURNING PAINS SOON DRIVEN OUT

Don't put up with those Sciatica pains—like a red hot knife between your shoulder blades! Give yourself quick, glorious relief with St. Jacob's Oil. The moment you apply St. Jacob's Oil you feel your skin begin to glow. You feel your sore muscles relaxing as the penetrating oil sinks deep down. You actually feel St. Jacob's Oil drawing the pain clean out. St. Jacob's Oil doesn't burn the skin. Keep a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil handy. Your chemist sells it.



It isn't cooking that makes the saucepans look old

..... IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

Don't spoil the look of your saucepans by harsh cleaning methods. Every scratch holds dirt, and possibly germs, and makes cleaning harder in the future. Vim gives smooth cleaning because Vim grains are soap-coated. They loosen dirt so that you can wipe it all away with one swift, light rub. Vim keeps your kitchenware bright and shining!



VIM REMOVES THE DIRT ..BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!

A LEVER PRODUCT

7-5-37

Problem Child

Continued from page 6

"**N**OTHING to stop her doing any work," said Roger glumly.
"No," said Aunt Anne, "but it's no business of mine."
She gave Roger her amiable smile and patted his hand. "It's nice to see you, Roger . . ."

They didn't mention the war, or the R.A.F., or anything like that. When Roger got forty-eight hours it was tacitly agreed that the war wasn't mentioned, nor the Germans, nor flying. Only Aunt Anne became rather extravagant in the housekeeping, and Major Dawlett ravished his cellar. It was a pity, thought Aunt Anne, when Roger had departed to discuss fishing with the major, that the Perrymans were there. It would spoil dinner for everyone.

But Flavia was out in the stables, up in the hayloft where she knew Pam had gone. They sat together in the musty sweet atmosphere and watched a beam of golden dusty sunshine that fell through the roof.

"Look here, Pam," said Flavia, "don't be a little ass."

Pam said nothing. Her small pointed face was set and white, and her mouth quivered.

"Look here, what about this?" said Flavia. "I'll go away and get some sort of a job, and then you can come and live with me."

"I should die if you went away," said Pam flatly. She glanced up at Flavia and added, "Charity."

"Darling, Flavia, 'it isn't.' 'It is, and you know it. I'd rather be in an orphanage.'"

"Only you're not an orphan," said Flavia, and suddenly she managed a cheerful and light-hearted grin.

"Might as well be," said Pam gloomily. "And anyway, they don't like us here."

"I'll see what can be done," said Flavia. "Look, we'd better go down. It's nearly lunch time."

"Food would choke me," said Pam stolidly. "I'll stay here."

"All right then," said Flavia, "but one of us has got to be polite, little Tom Tuckers as we are. I'll go along."

Pam said slowly, "I'll come with you. Do you know, I've been thinking . . . oh well, never mind."

She scrambled to her feet and began to brush straw and dust off herself, her eyes frowning and her brows drawn together. Flavia made a funny little sound in her throat and bent and kissed her. "Buck up, my poppet," she said.

They walked across the stable yard, both of them looking casual and slightly offensive. Flavia put her hands in the pockets of her slacks and whistled, and Pam copied

her. The cook looked out of the kitchen window and saw them.

"Make me tired, the pair of them," she said to the parlourmaid. "Bone idle, and up to no good."

At dinner that night, Flavia, for some reason, was dressed in her most exaggerated frock and her most exaggerated make-up. Under blue eye-shadow her eyes were huge and intense, shining like the sea on a summer afternoon, between their dark lashes. Aunt Anne gazed at her curiously, and then at Roger. But Roger was regarding her with a faint amusement, and Major Dawlett appeared to find her quite overpowering.

If, thought Aunt Anne, she imagines that she's going to make Roger captive to her bow and spear, she has chosen quite the wrong way. I seem to recollect that Roger comes unscathed through a perfect barrage of glamor. His idea is that he wants to fall in love with someone who shares his passion for open air and farms and riding about on fractious horses.

Major Dawlett gave Flavia a sherry with the air of one who proffers poison with a chilly courtesy. His pleasant, tired face was rigid, and his thoughts were with the various girls in the neighborhood who were now doing war work. He wished that she was about twelve years old, so that she could be sent to wash her face, and he found himself struggling with a most outrageously violent desire to snatch the cigarette out of her hand and hurl it out of the window.

But Flavia went on talking quickly and persistently. She talked about brains and intelligence, which, she announced, were only now to be found among pacifists and idealists. She went on and on, while inside she felt rather sick.

It was Roger who stopped her.

"Look here," he said crudely, "I don't know where you were brought up, but apparently manners weren't included in your curriculum. Whatever may be the views of your friends, they are obviously totally out of place in this house. We don't wish to comment on them. But as you are a guest, I suggest that you don't insult your host by fibing at everything decent."

THERE was a silence, and then Aunt Anne said, "I think that dinner is served."

"I'm behaving like Pam," thought Flavia suddenly, "just like Pam. I ought to have grown out of it. I'm a fool, I'm seven sorts of a fool."

And suddenly Major Dawlett said pensively and with a queer, unexpected smile, "Flavia, I think, has been amusing herself by playing with fire. It is a juvenile occupation."

Flavia turned to him and said slowly, "You're quite right, Jeremy, and I got burned."

"And now," said Roger blandly, "we will hope that the proverb proves true. About the burnt child, you know."

"Some children never learn," said Flavia negligently.

"Only the very silly ones," said Roger. "Can you drive a car?" he added deliberately.

"Certainly I can drive a car," said Flavia.

"Then I can get you a job," said Roger pleasantly. "Quite a good job: one that is not too dull, and extremely useful."

She stared at him, while inside her something went cold. Her bluff was called now, once and for all. If she refused, what would she seem for ever afterwards? How could she possibly carry on? She thought of Pam and heard quite clearly inside her head the gentle incredulity of Aunt Anne's voice if it was suggested that she, Flavia, couldn't go away because of Pam. "My dear Flavia," Aunt Anne would say, "that's nonsense. As if I couldn't look after a little girl!" And anyway, what did she do for Pam? Nothing, that anyone could see. She didn't mend for her, or put her to bed. She did nothing.

"You must tell me more about it after dinner," she said to Roger. "I'd be delighted to," he told her. She shivered slightly. It wasn't pleasant to have anyone despise you so thoroughly as Roger Wayne did. And you couldn't do much explaining. It would be rather like a wolf explaining that really underneath he was a lamb.

They went into the dining-room, where the curtains had to shut out the soft summer night because of the black-out, and there was the table set ceremonially for Roger,

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1—Nothing nicer for the coming summer months than that smart linen outfit you're planning. Linen begins its life as Hemp—raw cotton and wood pulp—jute—flax.

2—We'll have to get all this Iraq-Iran geography sorted out since it has sprung into the news with the British occupation. Of course, we know that they used to be Persia and Mesopotamia, but let's be sure

Iran was Persia, Iraq was Mesopotamia—Iraq was Persia, Iran was Mesopotamia.

3—Test in simple observation. Our ordinary penny stamp is Red—blue—yellow—orange—green—purple.

4—You're asked to choose the ungulates from a collection of dogs, cats, and cows. You choose the cows because they Have hoofs—are vegetarians—chew their cud—have horns.

5—Maybe you'll find this a bit tricky. That grand old celebrity, Michael Angelo, was famed as a Painter—etcher—sculptor—architect.

6—How's your table etiquette? Asparagus should be eaten with A fork—a fruit knife and fork—the fingers—a spoon and fork.

7—Among the grim implements of war, you've heard of the land mine. This is

A stick of incendiary bombs—a group of delayed-action bombs released simultaneously—a delayed action bomb buried underground—a large blast bomb lowered on a parachute.

8—Straight off, now—no surreptitious scribbling or lightning calculations! The number of pounds in a ton is 4800—2240—1760—1120—820.

9—Go and hide your diminished head if you can't instantly identify London's recent visitor, MacKenzie King, as

President Roosevelt's personal representative—Prime Minister of Canada—Prime Minister of New Zealand—Secretary of State for India—U.S. Under-Secretary of State.

10—Ring down the curtain with some theatricals. The play, "She Stoops to Conquer," was written by Congreve—Sheridan—Goldsmith—Noel Coward.

Answers on page 32

because Roger was on forty-eight hours' leave.

Major Dawlett was saying, "I can't, Anne; I'm on duty to-night. Johnson's got some sort of a Fifth Column scare about the backwaters; he's having them patrolled. He says there have been queer lights showing in the marshes."

"Oh, dear," said Aunt Anne. "Colonel Johnson has lights on the brain. By the way, Flavia," she went on, "have you heard from your father lately?"

"Not for some time," said Flavia in a bored tone. It was intolerable, she thought wearily. Nobody had heard from him. He had blithely landed his daughters on somebody else and then vanished off into the blue on some gay expedition of his own. And it was going to be quite frightful after dinner, she thought, without Major Dawlett; with only Roger Wayne and Aunt Anne. She stopped dead in her thoughts with a sense of surprise. Now why on earth should she think that?

What on earth made her feel that Major Jeremy Dawlett was any sort of comfort? If anyone disliked her, he did. She was everything he detested. She had gone out of her way to be everything he detested. And suddenly she realised that he was terribly fair . . . and kind. He was sticky, but he was kind.

And Roger wasn't kind. He was crude and arrogant and self-confident and attractive—and the sort of man you'd like to like you, but he wasn't kind. She wished rather desolately that Colonel Johnson hadn't got a mania about lights. It would have been much easier if Major Jeremy Dawlett had been staying at home to-night.

Major Dawlett said good-bye to Colonel Johnson, and limped along the path to the creek. There was a young moon rising in the sky, and a pale soft radiance on the night. He tramped on solidly towards the small boathouse a mile away.

The whole night was very quiet, but he thought he could hear the continuous, stealthy grumbling of big guns. Imagination, he thought; simply his preoccupation with the war. Then he saw that a dinghy was bobbing up and down on the water by the boathouse, and was apparently being pushed away from the bank.

He moved with remarkable speed, considering his limp, and caught at the end of the rope, and the dinghy checked and rocked. "What are you doing?" he called.

There was no answer and he pulled the dinghy in. "Hallo," he said, in a surprised tone, and he stared at the small figure sitting defiantly in the bottom of the boat.

Still there was no answer, and he said in a thoughtful voice, "I should come out of there, if I were you, Pam. Boat stealing is piracy, or something like that."

He added, "What were you doing? Spy hunting?"

And he was thinking, "Poor little devil, what was she doing? Trying to run away? I'm convinced she's miserable with us, but what can we do about it? How can you make things right for a child if you don't know what's wrong?"

"Yes," said Pam suddenly. "Well," he said, "I don't think I'd do it in a boat. Boats round here are dangerous nowadays. Suspect, you know. People might blame off at you without thinking. Silly, but there it is. Better come along with me, don't you think?"

"I can't very well do anything else," said Pam sullenly. She felt hopeless and helpless. Nothing ever went right. If she had been caught stealing the boat by a policeman, then she'd have been taken off to prison and sent somewhere, and that would have been something. Better than charity.

Please turn to page 32

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harrowing, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 2/3

DEEDS THAT THRILLED AUSTRALIA!



1 IN THE LIBYAN CAMPAIGN 24 YEARS OLD FLIGHT LIEUTENANT JOHN ROWLEY PERRIN OF MELBOURNE IS ON PATROL WITH ANOTHER HURRICANE....

3 PERRIN ATTACKS THE JUNKERS... 15 MESSERSCHMITTS RUSH TO PROTECT THEIR BOMBERS... PERRIN SHOTS DOWN A JUNKER IN FLAMES...

2 SUDDENLY ON THE GROUND HE SEES OUR TROOPS... A DESPERATE STRAITS... A FORMATION OF GERMAN JUNKERS IS ATTACKING THEM, DIVE BOMBING AND MACHINE-GUNNING...

4 NOW IT IS A LONE FIGHT... HIS ACCOMPANYING HURRICANE HAS BEEN SHOT DOWN... PERRIN, BY REMARKABLE PILOTING, SHOTS DOWN A MESSERSCHMITT...

5 THE INFURIATED NAZIS PRESS ON HARDER... A CANNON SHELL BURSTS IN PERRIN'S PETROL TANK....

6 WOUNDED AND COVERED WITH PETROL... HIS AIRCRAFT CATCHES FIRE BUT PERRIN CONTINUES TO ATTACK THE ENEMY...

7 HE PASSES THE ATTACK UNTIL HIS AMMUNITION RUNS OUT... SKILFULLY THEN, HE CRASH LANDS HIS BURNING PLANE... HE EMERGES SAFELY... THE EXPLOIT WINS HIM THE D.F.C

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, September 10.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Revere—Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, September 11.—Goodie Revere in Talks from the Talkies.
FRIDAY, September 12.—"Musical Alphabet."
SATURDAY, September 13.—Goodie Revere presents "Musical Mysteries."
SUNDAY, September 14.—Highlights from Opera.
MONDAY, September 15.—With the A.L.F. Overseas.
TUESDAY, September 16.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Revere in Gems of Melody and Thought.

Half-hour radio programme may entail weeks of work

Few people realise the amount of preparation and rehearsal which goes into the big broadcast programmes of to-day.

The half-hour variety programme which you hear on the air has probably occupied at least three days' rehearsal and timing.

Even before it reaches the rehearsal stage, weeks may have been occupied in the preparation of scripts and music.

• Readers are invited to send in to The Australian Women's Weekly suggested subjects for our illustrated strip, "Deeds That Thrilled Australia." Letters from men in the services often tell of unsung heroes whose deeds should be made more widely known. Endorse your envelope, "Thrilling Deeds." For The Australian Women's Weekly addresses see page 7.

At 5 p.m.

Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.

John Dease presents

"Music for You"

30 minutes of the Music which you love... presented by radio's greatest compere of musical entertainment.

And for the Rhythm Fans—

GEORGE NICHOLS presents a half hour of "Swing Time" each Saturday at 5 p.m.

2GB

—Of Course



"FRANK and ARCHIE"

are here again!

2GB

Tues. & Thurs., 9.15 p.m.

A CASE in point is "Stand Easy," a new Digger musical laugh show, which will be heard shortly from 2GB and other stations of the Macquarie network throughout Australia.

Nearly two months have already been occupied in the preparation of "Stand Easy," and the first programme will not go on the air until the first week in October.

Musical arrangements for the first two programmes are now complete, and rehearsals are under way.

The stars for the opening show will include Lou Vernon, Queenie Ashton, Joy Nichols, John Aldon, Arundel Nixon, the Big Four, and a Male Voice Choir.

The same rehearsal details apply to all of the big programmes featuring live artist talent.

The Radio Theatre, for instance, which is heard from 2GB each Sunday night at 8 o'clock, occupies exactly 60 minutes on the air. Yet, even after the final revision of the script, two days and a half are spent in rehearsal of the dramatic dialogue.

Timing vital

"THE Youth Show" and "Star Parade," two other big weekly half-hour features heard from 2GB, involve almost full-time rehearsal and preparation of the musical numbers by the artists engaged.

In the case of "The Youth Show," for instance, there are rehearsals six days a week.

On some days the rehearsal is wholly for dialogue; some days are given to the band; other days are filled in with solo work, and then towards the end of the week everybody comes together for the first run through of the complete half-hour.

Timing is all-important. Programme schedules on the leading stations all over Australia are divided into 15-minute and 30-minute presentations, and with the growth of interstate relays it is imperative that each programme finish on the tick of its allotted period, so that the stations concerned can, on the second, switch over to take on new presentations.

In the preparation of all big shows, therefore, timing is a vital consideration, so that the final programme on the air will run to schedule.

The lads overseas say "send us Gibbs please"



Put a tin of Gibbs in every parcel for that boy of yours in the Navy, Army or Air Force. The handy tin doesn't squash, doesn't waste or make a mess in his kitbag.

Gibbs guards against decay — keeps gums and teeth healthy. And Gibbs lasts twice as long as many other dentifrices.

At all Chemists and Stores

G. 18.26

Problem Child

Continued from page 30

PAM blinked her eyes very quickly to stop the tears coming, and climbed out of the boat.

"Often do this sort of thing?" inquired Major Dawlett casually. "We'd better tie up this boat safely, otherwise it might get damaged."

She stared at him. It was most peculiar, she thought, for him to behave like this. She had expected him to lecture. A faint hope rose inside her. It wasn't possible that he was the sort of man who could understand anything.

"No. It's the first time," she informed him.

"Well, look here," he said, "I'm on duty, you know. Spy-hunting, too, really. I don't know that you ought to come along with me, but I can't go off duty and see you home. What about it? Will you cut off home on your own?"

She hesitated. Now that she was close by him he could see her face clearly, small and pointed, and with something troubled about it. Too much strain in it for a child.

"Or will you come along with me? You'll have to keep quiet."

"I'll come with you," she said. Anything to stay out, to keep doing something, to avoid going back to a realisation of failure.

"All right," he said. "I'm making for a clump of bushes about a mile away. We'll have to stay there for about an hour. Are you good at keeping still?"

"Pretty good," she said.

They went in silence along the quiet creek. When they got to the clump they found two tree stumps and sat down.

"Can't smoke," said Major Dawlett, "nuisance. Look here, Pam, you keep your eyes skinned over to that side, and if you see a light flickering, let me know."

She sat very still, watching for a

light. The night noises, rustlings and cracking of twigs sounded very clear to her strained ears. She found that she wasn't tightly wound up inside any more. It was rather puzzling, she thought. It was rather queer to feel like this, not stretched out tight, not ready to defend something.

"Are there really spies about?" she whispered.

"Don't know for sure, but in these times we can't run any risks, you know."

"What would we do if we saw one?" she whispered after a while. "You'd run like a Red Indian to the stone tower where the warden is," said Major Dawlett, "and send him out with as many people as he'd got there, and I'd see what I could do about collaring the blighter out here."

"I hope we see one," said Pam. "Well, if we do, remember you're under orders. You've got to run like anything."

"All right," said Pam. She went on staring out between the branches, but no lights flickered over the dark water, or beyond.

"I wish I could do this every night," she whispered, after a time.

"Well, it wouldn't do, do you think?" said Major Dawlett. "A bit late for youngsters, you know. But there are other things you could do."

"What?" said Pam, and her voice was shaky.

He didn't look at her, but kept on staring out for lights. "Well, for instance, there are those rabbits. They want a lot of looking after, and I don't suppose we'll have Fraser with us much longer. These rabbits are a bit of a problem for me, and there are other important sorts of jobs. The rabbits are important; food, shewas of war, and all that."

There was a long silence, and then she gave a little sigh, relinquishing the glories of spy-hunting reluctantly.

"Would I be able to look after them?" she asked.

"Well, if you would," said Major Dawlett, seriously, "it would be a great help to me, you know. They're a bit of a job, though."

"Would they be worth wages?" said Pam slowly.

For a moment he felt disappointed. Was she simply a little money-grubber, like . . . like . . . No, he wouldn't think that of Flavia. He had an uneasy feeling about both of them to-night. A queer idea that neither of them was what she seemed.

"Of course," he said.

Pam gave a deep sigh of relief.

"Well," she said, "I'll look after them. I'll look after them properly if you'll just show me how. And I don't want any wages. Just my keep. I mean now I'll be earning my keep; I mean I won't be living on charity."

For a moment Major Dawlett was silent. Then he found words. "Between friends, Pam, I think that charity is an ugly word. But if you're feeling so proud then the rabbits will square us up."

And then he added, "What about

Flavia? Does she feel the same as you?"

"Of course she does," said Pam. "Didn't you know? She wouldn't leave me. But she hates it."

"Why wouldn't she leave you?" said Major Dawlett.

"Because . . . oh, well, I suppose because I couldn't bear to be left here alone."

"Oh," said Major Dawlett. He glanced at his watch. "Our spell of watching is up, by the way. We'll go along to report."

They walked along in silence till they came to the tower. They went inside together where the warden and two other men sat in a haze of tobacco smoke.

"All clear," said Major Dawlett. "Not a sign of anything. By the way, I had an unexpected helper. I think she's entitled to some cocoa. She was spy-hunting on her own."

Pam felt suddenly warm inside. She blinked a little and a man handed her a cup of sweet, strong cocoa.

"Thank you," she said.

"However," said Major Dawlett, "in future she's going to look after the country's food instead. About forty rabbits."

"That's a man-size job," said the warden gravely.

"I think," said the Major, as they strolled home together, "that you'd better cut up to bed by the back stairs—and we'll keep this evening's work a secret."

"I think so, too," said Pam. The

shoelace and Flavia was standing on the terrace smoking. "I just thought I'd tell you that if you want to get a job away from here, I shall be all right."

Flavia stared.

"Well, that's fine," she said dryly. "And when did you decide this?"

"You needn't sound sarcastic," said Pam, "because I know it's what you want to do, and something's happened that makes it all right."

"What?" demanded Flavia. She had the uncomfortable sensation that the world was turning upside down, and her mouth felt dry. And her heart felt suddenly heavy as lead.

"Just something," said Pam stubbornly. "It's a secret between the Major and me. But it's all right. I like him."

"I like him too," said Flavia slowly. "Well, now that you've fixed everything, I'll go along and tell Roger Wayne that I'll drive his old Staff Officer about. It ought to be rather fun, I think."

"I expect you'll like it," said Pam encouragingly. She finished her shoelace and stood upright, slightly fushed. She wished she could tell Flavia what had happened, but there were some things you couldn't talk about, and that boat business was one. "I'm taking over the rabbits," she added. "I must be getting along."

Flavia stood quite still. She thought about London, and driving a car and meeting people again, being part of the exciting grim

The answer is—

- 1—Flax.
- 2—Iran was Persia, Iraq was Mesopotamia.
- 3—Green.
- 4—Have hoofs.
- 5—Painter, sculptor, and architect.
- 6—The fingers.
- 7—A large blast bomb lowered on a parachute.
- 8—2248.
- 9—Prime Minister of Canada.
- 10—Goldsmith.

Questions on page 30.

and then he regarded the Berkshire Black intently, while he told her about the spy-hunting expedition.

"Oh," said Flavia when he had finished. "Well, thanks, Jerry, for being so nice to her."

He went on regarding the Berkshire Black, who grunted happily. "I expect you'll be glad to be up in London," he said at last.

"Yes," said Flavia, "of course."

"Of course," he went on, "there's a lot of useful work to be done down here, but it would probably bore you. I'm afraid you've been very bored."

"I haven't been bored," said Flavia, in a choked voice. "I thought I was bored, and I tried to make you hate the sight of me just in case . . . oh, just in case you thought I liked being pushed on to you. I thought . . . never mind."

"I thought I detested you," said Major Dawlett pensively. "In fact, I was so sure about it that if I'd had any sense I'd have known that in reality I loved you, Flavia. Because I don't usually care enough about people to detest them."

"Are you talking to that pig or to me?" demanded Flavia shakily.

"When I make a fool of myself," said Major Dawlett, "I do it thoroughly. I'm fortyish, I'm a crock, I'm a dull dog."

"Jeremy," said Flavia, "this morning when Pam told me that she could do without me, and that I could go off to London, I ought to have given one shriek of joy and danced; and, instead, I felt as if someone had pushed me down to the bottom of the darkest dungeon in the Tower of London, and I couldn't think why. And . . . then I knew why . . . it was because I loved you . . . and I thought what an idiot I was, because you hated the sight of me."

"Darling," said Major Dawlett, and he limped towards her and took both her hands and kissed them. "Darling, have you considered what it means? Pigs and gardens and parcels of clothes, and being tactful with the neighbors, and only a crock of a husband to . . . to . . ."

"To me," said Flavia softly, "to me it's heaven. Oh, Jeremy darling, I need never again in all my life be afraid."

The pigman appeared in the distance, carrying pails of food, and the Berkshire Black's grunts rose to a delicious pean of snuffling joy.

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Powerful Skin Remedy Discovered

Dries up Eczema, Barbers' Itch, and All Skin Eruptions in a Few Days

This wonderful scientist's prescription, now known all over the world as **Moone's Emerald Oil**, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application. Regular applications and the most persistent case of eczema is healed never to return.

Moone's Emerald Oil in the original bottle is dispensed by chemists. It is a wonderful prescription and is safe and pleasant to use.

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged—if he is itchy, won't eat or is out of sorts—start him now on a course of **BARKO** Condition Powders. He will soon be lively and getting with his old healthy appetite. **BARKO** tones up a dog's whole system and benefits his coat.



BARKO CONDITION POWDERS 1/4 ALL CHEMISTS



"See my Toofies?"

Thanks to Steedman's Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., London, E.C.

Asthma Mucus Dissolved in 1 Day

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from choking, wheezing, gasping Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is take 2 capsules tablets with mealant Mendaco starts dissolving through the blood in 10 minutes. Soon the choking mucus and phlegm dissolves. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you are good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigor returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigor returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It dissolves, liquefies and removes the strangling mucus or phlegm; (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigor, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalized blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. B.

writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 5 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G. E. G. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco upon an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

CONQUERS ASTHMA Mendaco Now in 3 sizes . . . 3/2, 6/2, 12/6

warm feeling was spreading all over her. It might have been the cocoa, she thought, but it wasn't altogether the cocoa. It was just that she suddenly felt safe and part of everything.

"And listen," said Major Dawlett. "No more night expeditions. We've got to make those rabbits pay, and that's going to take all your time."

He went through to where Flavia and Aunt Anne and Roger were sitting.

"Caught any Fifth Columnists?" said Roger.

"No," said Major Dawlett, "but I spent a not unprofitable evening."

THREE pairs of eyes stared inquiringly at him, but he only added, "I've also swallowed some of the warden's excellent but very sweet cocoa. I think, Roger, that only a strong whisky will remove the effects."

Roger went over to the small table where the decanter stood. Over his shoulder he said: "Miss Perryman doesn't see her way to taking on that job."

Aunt Anne raised one eyebrow and Flavia said nothing. She didn't look at Major Dawlett. If she did, she knew that she would be forced to make some aggressive and flippant remark and she didn't want to do that any more. She had an odd, aching desire for him to like her.

"I think," said Major Dawlett pensively, "that you're a better pilot than employment agent, Roger . . . steady on with that soda!"

"Listen," said Pam after breakfast, while she was tying up her



NEW STEW-PAN CROWN is a feature of this flattering Condor model in fine black straw. It is worn well forward, and the only garnishing is the edging and bandeau of black grosgrain.

Schoolgirl reviews schoolgirls' novel

Welcomes a successor to Ethel Turner

For years publishers and school-girls have been looking for a successor to Ethel Turner.

Ethel Turner wrote her 40th book in 1928 and has written none since.

Her books are favorites with each succeeding generation. More than a million copies of "Seven Little Australians" have been sold.

Now the young reading public believes it has found a new Ethel Turner.

She is Miss Irene Cheyne, whose first novel is called "Annette of River Bend."

As this is a schoolgirls' book we asked a schoolgirl to review it.

Our reviewer is Jacqueline Gell, a sixteen-year-old pupil at North Sydney High School, who is doing her Leaving Certificate exam. this year. Here is her review.



IRENE CHEYNE, the author.



ADVICE TO MOTHERS

Mothers—if your children are constipated give them relief this simple, pleasant way! To-night give them NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle, natural laxative. No need to coax or scold... Figsen is easy and pleasant to take. It won't upset little tummies. In the morning Figsen acts... gently, thoroughly and effectively. No gripping pain, no nausea; just an easy, comfortable action. NYAL FIGSEN is just as good for adults as it is for youngsters. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3½ a tin. The next best thing to Nature...

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Countless women are indebted to Paul Van Schuyler for his discovery of

"VANIX"

by the use of which superfluous hairs can be permanently destroyed. "VANIX," which is simple and pleasant to use and harmless to the skin, is now available to the women of Australia. Price 2/6 (posted 2/11) from Italian Fly, Ltd., 240 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 272 L.A. Collins St., Melbourne; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melbourne; C. A. Edwards, 238 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Ficks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.



JACQUELINE GELL, our reviewer.

IN this book Irene Cheyne endears to the hearts of many her chief character, Annette Linney, around whom the story turns.

The story is fresh and youthful as is the Australian countryside and the spirit of Annette.

Like many others, but yet somehow different, it tells of the school-days of a young and mischievous Australian girl, living in a town on the banks of the Murray River.

Her trials and sorrows are those which any of us may have had, and these are portrayed in a particularly striking manner as is shown in the following extract:

"Over the Head's desk hung an excellent reproduction of a self-painted portrait of the famous Rembrandt. For a moment Annette's eyes rested gravely upon it. 'I'd give a shilling—if I had one—' she told herself, 'to look as calm and unconcerned as old Rembrandt.'"

"She knew she didn't, of course, for, behold! In the Judgment Seat, as the school dubbed the Head's chair, erect and uncompromising, not the Head himself—the placid lamb-like old Head than whom there was no one easier to hoodwink—but Mr. L. W. Sefton."

It is Annette herself who endears herself to us, as did L. M. Montgomery's Anne in "Anne of Green Gables" and Eleanor Porter's Pollyanna. Only Annette is brought nearer to us because of her Australian nationality, and the scenes described are those which we ourselves have at some time seen.

Irene Cheyne has written the book in the language of youth, and Australian youth at that.

Annette is not the only one who will be remembered by all who read this book.

Dominic Heath, Tommy Tucker, Brick, Bill Blunt, John Hop, the dog, and even "old Dick" himself will forever be remembered.

This book is very much after the style of L. M. Montgomery's and

Eleanor Porter's books, and it seems to have that "something" which causes a book to become forever popular and its characters and their sayings to become household words and phrases.

One's interest is held throughout the book, wondering what mischief and trouble Annette, Tommy, Brick, John Hop and their friends will get themselves into next.

Probably the most exciting incident in the book is the wonderful party given for Annette when she leaves River Bend to go to school in Melbourne.

All her friends are there, there is a magnificent supper, and Annette has to make a speech when she is given a farewell present.

Although she is the gayest person at the party there are times during the evening when she remembers what the party is for, and cannot help feeling sad.

"One would think," she cried, turning suddenly upon Tommy, 'that the whole lot of you were glad to get rid of me.'"

"And aren't we?" asked the incorrigible one; but he looked rather gravely at the dismantled gift tree long ago pushed into a shadowy corner.

"The little lamps that had flamed and twinkled so bravely had been turned out; the presents had all been plucked, and in the dimness the dark green of the branches seemed almost black."

"There was a vague sense of bitterness and loss in Tommy's young heart."

"Lots of happy things just flaze out like that—yes, in nine cases out of ten that's how they end," he told himself."

This book, and those that follow—we all hope there will be more—will become classed with those old favorites, Ethel Turner's books, "Anne of Green Gables" and the following books, and the "Pollyanna" series.

"Annette of River Bend." By Irene Cheyne. (Angus and Robertson.) Our copy from the publishers.

Author lived on River Murray

MISS IRENE CHEYNE, the author of the book, lives at Heidelberg, Vic., with her sister, Miss Essie Cheyne.

"I have written for many years," Miss Cheyne said, in an interview. "I come of a writing family. Charles Graves is a cousin. So was the late Reginald Cheyne Berkeley, the London playwright and producer. He was the author of 'The Lady With the Lamp.'"

"My own brother, Paul, formerly a pressman known all over the Commonwealth, has written some fine descriptive prose and light verse."

"My father, Anthony Cheyne, was a postmaster, and that is how I came to know enough about the Murray to put it in 'Annette of River Bend.'"

"When I was a youngster we lived in several riverside townships, and riverside life has always fascinated me."

"It's a funny thing, but my first writing success was a prize awarded by a N.S.W. paper for an enthusiastic eulogy of Ethel Turner."

"The Victorian Education Department has used many of my poems in the school papers."

Patty's ears **BURNED**—but it saved her marriage!

The neighbours' name for Patty was—the

"B.O." WIDOW

IT'S AGES SINCE WE'VE BEEN OUT, GEORGE. DO LET'S GO TO TOWN TONIGHT

FRAID I'LL BE LATE, PATTY. BESIDES I'VE A COMMITTEE MEETING AT THE CLUB

And night after night...

GOODBYE, PATTY. DON'T WAIT UP

THERE'S THAT POOR MRS. H... ALL BY HERSELF AGAIN

THE "B.O." WIDOW? CAN'T EXPECT ANYONE TO HAVE MUCH TIME FOR A WOMAN WHO NEGLECTS HERSELF...

HEAVENS! THE NEIGHBOURS WERE TALKING ABOUT ME... COULD THAT BE WHY GEORGE HAS BEEN SO COOL...?

ANYWAY I'LL TAKE NO CHANCES WITH "B.O."... I NEVER KNEW LIFEBOUY WAS SO MILD AND REFRESHING

Now a Daily Lifebuoy User

SAY, GEORGE, HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AT THE CLUB FOR WEEKS

CAN YOU BLAME ME SPENDING EVENINGS WITH SUCH A CHARMING WIFE?



Don't let them dub you a "B.O." widow

When you fail to guard against "B.O." you're giving somebody the chance to say unkind things behind your back! Be safe—be sure of yourself! Use Lifebuoy in your daily bath and put "B.O." right out of your life. Its clean fragrance vanishes as you rinse... its protection lasts and lasts.

LIFEBUOY
The only soap specially made to prevent "B.O."

A LEVER PRODUCT

W.14.19

'NUGGET'

makes the **SHINE**

and the **SHOES LAST LONGER**



There's greater permanence in Nugget's brilliant shine... There's protection for leather in its extra "body"... And every tin lasts longer. There is only one Nugget—see that you get it.

SP.40-4

DENIS came at eight o'clock, and his greeting to Mr. and Mrs. Land was perfect. For a few minutes he talked to her parents with a mixture of deference and impudence that delighted their hearts, then he looked at Julie.

"I saw John Sharp at the club this afternoon, and he said he hoped we'd drop in and see them to-night."

She agreed gladly. It was always difficult and awkward to make your escape and she was grateful to Denis for arranging it for them.

In the car he pulled her to him, and kissed her.

"I couldn't wait any longer for that," he muttered.

Julie said nothing. She was thinking of Mrs. Land's horror if she should discover that "a daughter of hers" had kissed again and again a man whose intentions were as yet unannounced.

A Year Is Long Enough

Continued from page 3

"We need not really go to the Sharps, you know," Denis was saying experimentally.

But Julie wanted to go. At heart, she deeply envied John and Margaret Sharp their simple life in an unpretentious little home which, they frankly admitted, was all they could afford.

"We might as well—for a while, anyhow," she replied. "Mother would be certain to telephone me about something if we didn't."

"All right," Denis said, and started the car.

They walked in the garden with Margaret and John for a while, and then sat quietly talking about pleasant, unimportant things.

Denis was different here; gentler and less restive, but Julie knew that it was only his adaptability. Denis

was a chamelon, matching his mood to his associates.

At eleven they got up to leave, and Margaret said warmly, "Please come again. Most of our friends are too bored with us just at the moment, and we miss our social whirl." They didn't look as if they missed it, but the invitation was sincere.

Julie squeezed her hand. "We will, one evening quite soon."

They drove away in silence, because Julie couldn't be funny with the spell still on her. Denis broke the silence first, in the casual, tolerant voice she was coming to hate.

"Well—they seem to like it."

Why shouldn't they? she thought. I would. But she matched her voice to his. "Yes. I suppose there's some-

thing about it that we don't understand. When their baby comes they'll bore us to death telling us what a remarkable child it is."

Denis laughed. "They won't need visitors then, so we can drop them if you like." He turned to look at her immobile profile. "Anywhere you want to go, or anything you want to do?"

Nothing that you'd like, she thought. But she said, "Nothing but to go to bed. You robbed me of a lot of sleep last night."

He laughed. "I like that! You didn't seem particularly bored yourself."

Oh, no, I was gay as anything, and you loved it. But I can't be gay to-night. She said aloud, "I wasn't bored, but I'm going to bed to-night so as to be ready for the next time."

She regretted that "next time," because it seemed to demand too much, and because she was determined never to demand anything of him. Fortunately, he didn't seem to notice.

"All right," he said plaintively. "When you've caught up you might telephone me."

They could turn into the drive this time, because the hour was a respectable one. Julie felt suddenly virtuous and proud, because she had nothing to hide.

"Come in for a little while?" Julie asked.

He hesitated and then shook his head.

"Better not, Monday's Monday in any calendar."

Julie swung between disappointment and relief. To be alone with Denis in the quietness of her own house was a dangerous ecstasy.

She didn't urge him. He was not the sort to be urged, she knew, and the secret of her hold on him lay in the fact that she made no apparent effort to keep him.

"You would bring up the subject of Monday," she sighed. "Mother's having a sewing meeting to-morrow, and I'll have to be there to pass the sandwiches and pour out the tea."

A moment later he was laughing and opening the car door for her.

He lifted her out, then took her in his arms. "Good-night, beautiful. Sleep tight," he said, and hurried away.

She stood motionless in the hall for a long time, with her face in her hands.

We can't keep this up, she realised desperately; something will crack. But what could you do? Could you say to a man, "I love you with all my soul, but I must know where I stand. If you feel like I do, then let's get married. If you don't, then we'll have to call it off"? No, you couldn't say it, however modern and honest you were.

The next three days were awful, because Denis didn't telephone.

Julie invented pretexts to go shopping, in the hope of meeting him in the street, but the pretexts were in vain. And when she came home she would think: I've been away three hours; surely he's telephoned in that time. She couldn't ask the simplest question about his whereabouts, because her voice would have betrayed her. Bill's eyes were gentle; but Bill didn't know about the question she wanted to ask, and so he had no help to give her.

And then, on Wednesday night, the telephone operator told her that there was a trunk call from Manchester waiting on the line, and her life changed color. Denis was evidently out of town.

His voice was surprisingly near and vibrant. "Julie? Listen, love. I meant to tell you on Sunday that I'd be away this week and in the—er—confusion I forgot. Have you made a date for Saturday night yet?"

"No." Her relief was so great that all her verbal facility had left her. One word was all she could manage.

"Thank Heaven for that! Save it for me?"

"Yes, Denis."

"Thank you, Julie." There was a pause. "How have you been?"

"Fine. And you?"

"I haven't had time to think about it." He laughed, but something was wrong with the sound. "Well—I'll see you on Saturday about eight, and we'll dance at the club. If that suits you?"

"Yes. I'd love it."

"Good. Well, take care of yourself—I'll come back and do it for you."

Denis had rung off, discouraged, no doubt, by her dumbness. Regret-

Animal Antics



"Gimme a tube of tusk paste."

ting, perhaps, that he had wasted the price of a call.

Julie began to think now of the amusing things she might have said.

They joined a party for the dance on the Saturday, because it was more fun if you had a crowd. Everything was more fun if you had a crowd—or so you said, and managed to believe. Julie felt herself coming back to life and the pursuit of happiness. The razor-like pain was gone from her heart, she was able, now, to live for and in the moment, rewarded by Denis' quick smile and the light touch of his hand on her shoulder as he sat down.

They were all talking as loud as possible in order to be heard above a din of their own making.

"It's ten o'clock and I'm hungry," Julie insisted plaintively.

Denis smiled at her. Then he was on his feet, pulling her up with him.

"Poor child! You ought to have had something to eat before you came, like I did. Come along."

They started their supper alone at a table for twelve, and gradually the others drifted in.

I wonder how I ever got in with this crowd? Julie thought. None of these people is really my sort.

She went back in her mind to the evening she had met Denis, almost a year ago, at a party like this one. He hadn't been important then; he was merely a new man to meet. You couldn't possibly be honest and natural at a party like this; there was a brittle artificiality in the air, no matter what you wanted to be. Denis had evidently liked her to be like that, because he had asked her the next Saturday evening to a party like this one.

She found that he was witty and charming, and she felt she must measure up to what he was and what he expected. He had kissed her good-night on that second Saturday—a light, meaningless kiss that had stirred her disproportionately—and she had left him with the knowledge that her feelings were in danger of becoming seriously involved.

Please turn to page 36

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No excuse for Cutting Corns

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frosol-Ice, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of Frosol-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist or store, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain instantly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frosol-Ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.***

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid is guaranteed to banish any form of pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vacuoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.***



Fresh natural charm

Just as they have for generations, distinguished women to-day prefer the fresh, natural charm of Yardley Lavender and the simple complexion care of the Yardley preparations, which are few in number, flawless in quality, each perfect for its purpose.

Yardley English Lavender—"the lovable fragrance" that women note with pleasure and men instinctively approve. 3/3 to 22/6.



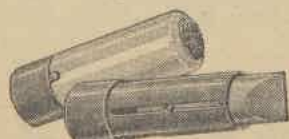
English Complexion Powder, the final aid to flawless grooming. In natural, medium, deep, peach, deep rachel, rose rachel, cameo. 4/-.



Yardley English Lavender Soap—"the luxury soap of the world." Large, long-lasting tablets, 1/9.



English Complexion Cream, exquisitely soft-textured, perfect for cleansing and as powder base. 3/11.



Yardley Lipstick for indelible lip beauty. In natural rose, pink heather, medium heather, cherry, vivid, poppy and holly red. 3/4.

Yardley
LAVENDER
and
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Yardley & Company (Pty.) Limited, Sydney; and at 33 Old Bond Street, London; New York; Paris; Toronto

Women also Serve..

Sydney woman's war work inspires Papuan children

AT the lonely Bamu River Mission in Papua, 500 miles from Port Moresby, papier mache hospital equipment is being made from the written directions sent by Miss L. E. Armstrong, director of the Red Cross Papier Mache Auxiliary in Sydney.

The articles will be sent to the hospital at Port Moresby. Mrs. Eve Standen, the schoolteacher at the Mission, read of the auxiliary's work in a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly and immediately wrote to Miss Armstrong asking her to forward instructions as the children were eager to learn the art.

"This is the first time I have ever taught anyone to make papier mache by letter," said Miss Armstrong, "but in her last letter Mrs. Standen said the native children were proving apt pupils. They only have one failing, however, they like to eat the paste, which tastes like flour to them."

"Making papier mache has now become a regular item on the school programme," added Miss Armstrong.

The auxiliary's activities have increased to such an extent that a second depot will have to be opened in Sydney and Miss Armstrong is hoping to establish it shortly.

"I know that there are many business girls who would help us when they have finished work if we had a depot which we could keep open till 9 p.m. or even 10 p.m.," said Miss Armstrong.

Work is continuing on the shipment of articles which are to be sent to the Soviet under the direction of the Medical Aid to Russia committee.

Among the equipment will be a new type of splint used in France in this war. A pair of them were brought to Australia by Lt.-Col. W. H. B. Long, who escaped from France. He lent them to Miss Armstrong to copy. The first pair made at the auxiliary were sent by plane to his son in the Middle East.

From old socks to mittens for prisoners of war

THE four members of the Manly Mitten Circle are making hundreds of mittens for Australian prisoners of war in Europe. These mittens cost only the time of making, for they are made from the tops of old socks.

Anyone who would be willing to help by supplying socks should leave parcels marked "Old Socks" at Peaples and Co., George Street; Mr. S. Jackson, at St. James Building; Phillip Street and Erskine Street centres of the Red Cross, and the Tourist Bureau at Manly.



MRS. M. THOMPSON, a daily worker at the Red Cross spinning depot, keeps the wheel moving busily.

Use old-time spinning-wheels for military hospital needs

For modern purposes old-time spinning-wheels are working busily again.

At the Red Cross spinning depot in Sydney voluntary helpers are grouped round wheels which in some cases are hundreds of years old, and which have been lent to the depot by people who used them only as ornaments in their homes.

"WE work every day, including Saturday," said the hon. director, Mrs. E. J. Pownall.

"Small country branches send us the fleeces, and we spin them and return them to be scoured and knitted. By this means, lots of small country branches which lack finance are able to keep on supplying the knitted garments needed by the Red Cross for military hospitals."

"We sell all the waste wool and were able to present the Red Cross with £118 from sales in the last year."

Each week 10lb. of wool is spun and despatched.

"Among our workers is a blind girl, Miss Muriel Mansell. At present she is just learning, but she will soon develop into an expert," added Mrs. Pownall.

Mrs. Pownall has been at the depot every day since it was opened soon after war began.

A second spinning depot has been established at Beaharfield's where members of the Spinners and Weavers' Guild are instructing women. As well as teaching they spin wool which is sent to depots where garments are made for soldiers and sailors.

There are three wheels in constant use, and also a small table loom for weaving. Since the classes began some weeks ago about 12 women receive instruction each week.

Members of the guild also teach spinning and weaving in private homes, as more and more women are becoming interested in the craft. There is also a possibility that there will be a shortage of machine-spun yarn so that knitters may have to spin their own wool.

"The manufacture of wheels and looms has also increased since the war began, and many hundreds have been made in N.S.W. alone," said Miss Marie Money Penny, a guild member, who has spun 30lb. of wool in two months.

Veteran war worker directs Waverley war fund

ONE of Sydney's most enthusiastic war workers is Mrs. F. B. Walker, M.B.E., of Bondi, who is 70 years old. She is the president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Waverley Patriotic and War Fund, which is affiliated with the Lord Mayor's Fund.

She is an excellent organiser and under her direction the auxiliary has sent hundreds of garments to their local branch, and also £144.

Mrs. Walker attends the sewing-bees which are held three times a week, and also the various other functions.

She was a member of the Bondi-Waverley branch of the Red Cross for 22 years, and worked for them in the last war. She was recently presented with the Red Cross long-service medal.

Social events for good causes

SEPTEMBER 24: "V for Victory" Ball at Wentworth Hotel, for Women's All Services Canteen.

Sept. 26: Fete at home of Mrs. R. J. Whiteman, Darling Point, for Active Service Comforts Fund.

Oct. 2: Legacy Club display at Sydney Town Hall.

Oct. 4: Garden inspection of Everglades, Leura, for War Veterans' Home and King George Fund for Sailors.

This Means YOU

What's keeping you in the rut? Face up to facts and acknowledge the truth — you're not so young as you used to be, and the "works" don't run so smoothly as they did years ago. You're slowing up, getting tired, running down. Start taking WINCARNIS and win back your youthful vigour quickly. From the first glass you'll feel better — livelier, more alert, less worried, less nervy. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify that WINCARNIS is the ideal restorative, so get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

GRACE BROS

This distinctive Frock is fashioned of satin back SHEER ROMAINE. Smartly cut on well-fitting lines to minimise the contours of the larger figure, it features the newest embroidery on the bodice, and is finished with tie belt. In BLACK and NAVY. Sizes: W., S.O.S., O.S., X.O.S., X.X.O.S., X.X.X.O.S.

USUALLY 50/- SPECIAL PRICE 35/-

MAIL ORDERS SUPPLIED

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY

A Year Is Long Enough

Continued from page 34

JULIE'S intuition was right. She told herself: He's a playboy, and it won't do to fall really in love with him. And immediately she had done that very thing.

But a year was long enough. She was twenty-four and not getting any younger, she told herself without illusion, and it was time to begin getting over him and looking for someone else. Time—after to-night—

Denis smiled at her.

"Has that soup given you strength enough to dance with me?"

"I think so. If you'll guarantee to come back as soon as the next course gets here."

Dancing with him shook her resolution. She was happiest then, when he held her easily and made no effort to talk.

"It's been a long week, in case you didn't know," he said, after a time.

"Oh, I know. I've spent it knitting and playing rummy with father and listening for the telephone." It was safe to tell the truth so long as your voice mocked the truth you spoke.

He drew away to grin at her. But his eyes seemed wary—searching.

She laughed.

"Have it your own way, then. I've staggered in with the dawn, night after night."

"I don't believe that, either." His eyes were still looking for something.

"All right. Think what you like."

Julie's lashes dropped and she let her head brush his shoulder. She hummed with the orchestra, and wondered if there was any meaning in the fact that old and simpler songs were being revived.

He lowered his face until it touched her hair.

"Thanks. I'd rather keep my blissful ignorance."

The evening ran true to form. When the dance ended at midnight the momentum of their party carried them on to a night club—because they really wanted to go, but because they didn't want to go home. They kept on reassuring themselves and one another that they were having too good a time to think of breaking up the party. Actually, they needed the bulwark of similar spirits in order to believe in their own reality.

Julie looked indifferently about the room and caught her breath in surprise. Bill was at a table nearby, looking at her with a sardonic smile. There was a girl with him, a pretty girl whom Julie had never seen before. She smiled and waved casually to her brother, keeping her surprise from the greeting.

Now that they were here, her friends sank into apathy and watched the dancers with the blank curiosity of spectators at a zoo. Julie had a wild impulse to turn on them and scream, "Why don't you go home, then? It's where you belong." And then she remembered that she, too, was here, and that their eyes were probably mirrors for her own. No doubt they had come for the same reason that she had come: because it was the line of least resistance and they were afraid of solitude. Or because, like herself, there was someone they wanted to be near.

Bill's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Hallo, everybody! How about a dance, Julie?"

Julie stood up quickly, almost overturning her chair in her eagerness to get away.

"Fancy meeting you here, I'd love to," Bill's girl, she noticed, was with another man.

The floor was too crowded for actual dancing, and so they shuffled their feet a little, to preserve the illusion.

"Your girl's awfully pretty, Bill," Julie said experimentally.

Bill chuckled and told her what she wanted to know.

"She's my new secretary. She's a good sort, without a sabbie to her name."

"Then why bring her to a place like this, when you give me such a blowing-up for coming?"

She was not chiding Bill; she was justifying herself.

Bill's mouth looked grim.

"Because she likes dancing and she's not a member of the club and there's nowhere else for us to go."

Thoughts from Tobruk

*My mother's letter came to-day,
And now my thoughts are far away.*

*For in between its pages lay
A little sprig of wattle.*

"The old home now looks at its best,"

*The message ran, "The country's dressed
In spring's gay cloak, and I have pressed*

A little sprig of wattle."

*I almost see that glimpse of spring,
The very air here seems to ring*

*With joyful notes of birds that sing
Among the sprigs of wattle.*

*The old home, snug amidst the pines,
The trickling creek that twines*

*Round tall gum roots and undermires,
Is all ablaze with wattle.*

—B. Duff.

"Oh!" Julie colored with embarrassment. "I'm sorry."

"Forget it," Bill eyed her for a moment. "You look a little frayed around the edges," he said mercilessly.

"I am, I think I'll go home." The decision carried with it a sharp relief.

"There are worse places than

that," Bill conceded. "We're leaving in a few minutes." The music went out with a death-rattle in its throat, and he led her across the room to her table. "You'd better take that tip I gave you last week. Go soft and serious," he whispered, and left her.

Denis stood up quickly, and stopped in the act of drawing back her chair, arrested by the strangeness in her eyes.

"What's the matter, Julie?"

She could still smile. She smiled now, brilliantly.

"I've got a fiendish headache, Denis. Would it break your heart if we went home?"

"I think I could bear up under it," he said dryly. "I'll bring the car round at once."

There was a chorus of protest, and Julie said what they wanted to hear: "There's no point in breaking up the party just because we're going."

The night air was like spring water, and she drank it in deep, thirsty gulps that cleansed her lungs and her brain. Denis pulled her against his shoulder, and the road leaped up at them as the car gathered speed.

They drove for several miles in silence, but her thoughts were turbulent. This is all; this is hell and farewell. Not even being with him is worth an evening like this. Oh, I hope I'm strong enough to do it quickly; not to break down.

"Comfy?" He turned to glance briefly at her.

"Yes."

She stiffened suddenly, seeing the brown shape before them.

"Denis! There's a dog. Be careful!"

Her voice had grown thin with dread, the thought of capping futility with slaughter was more than she could bear.

Denis knew, afterwards, that he would never have risked her life for a dog if he had had time to think, but he obeyed her automatically. He swerved and then righted the car, but that had taken a precious second. The car veered once more across the road and charged headlong down a steep slope. The dog eyed their manoeuvres indifferently, since all human beings were unaccountable to him, and trotted out of sight.

The car remained, miraculously, on its four wheels with the engine running. Instinctively alert to the danger of fire, Denis switched off the lights and the engine, and in the quick black stillness that closed around them she heard his heavy breathing. He spoke out of the darkness, and he was nothing but a voice filled with dread.

"Julie! Are you all right?"

"I think so."

She laughed shrilly, on the edge of hysteria. "And so is the dog, bless him."

Relief had made him suddenly gruff.

"Don't ever do that again; do you hear? I like dogs myself, but they're not worth a chance like this." He pulled himself out of the car and circled it gloomily. "It'll take a breakdown gang to get us out of here. I'll climb up the bank and try to stop somebody passing."

The thought that had knocked at the door of her mind took shape.

"Denis." He paused, arrested by the dread in her voice. "Suppose a police car comes along? They haunt this road."

"Then I'll get him to go for help."

"And what if he smells your breath? He will; it'll be the first thing he'll think about."

"But we haven't hit anybody. Quite the contrary." She knew he was smiling, but his voice had lost its confidence.

"Certainly." She was being carried nearer to the hysteria. "We'll tell him about the dog and he'll say, 'A likely story,' and want to know where we've been and how much we've had to drink. And you'll get run in and have to pay a fine and it'll look lovely in the papers to-morrow." She



BLACK sheer wool frock with unusual gathered treatment at the neckline and hips. The draped wool jersey hat is in vivid candy-pink.

stopped just short of a sob. Her mother and father—

He came back and took her in his arms, but he had no reassurance for her. She was right and he knew it. "Don't, precious. Let me think a minute."

She looked up quickly. "I could say I was driving. They might let me off."

"You could." His voice was grim. "And if you did, I'd tell 'em you lied in your teeth. No; there's a telephone box over this next hill and we're going over there to telephone for a taxi and a breakdown van." His tone gained confidence as he talked. "Fortunately there's no moon and the car may not be noticed, and if the police ever hear about it they won't be able to prove by that time whether I've had a drink or not. There's a field path over here somewhere," he explained lightly. "We'd better take that. I hate having to make you walk, but I'm afraid to leave you alone here."

They had to stumble along a neglected path that dragged at their feet and put unseen obstacles in their way. Julie stooped to untangle her trailing skirt from a briar and the hysteria overtook her at last. This was what loving Denis had done for her, sinking across an empty field at night. It was merely—cheap, and the cheapness made her pride crawl. The realisation broke her hard-won control, so that she moaned once and swayed where she stood.

Denis turned quickly and picked her up like a child. "Don't Julie; please! You make me feel a worm for getting us into this. There's nothing to worry about now."

She steadied herself.

"You didn't get us into it; I did. And it isn't this, particularly; it's everything. Put me down, Denis; I can walk."

He put her down, but instead of moving forward he bent and tried to see her face. "What do you mean—everything?"

She squared her shoulders, knowing that now she could go through with her ordeal. This last humiliation had done for her what she couldn't do for herself.

"I mean the way we've been going on—the things we do. The way things are between you and me." Her own voice was hard with contempt. "I'm not like this at all; I've been pretending, because you like it. I loathe that place we've just come from, and those futile people, and all this sinking around like criminals in the dark." She was into it now, and while her courage and her anger lasted she would tell the truth. "I want a quiet house,

like the Sharps; I even want—a baby—like the Sharps. And some day I'll find a man who wants them, too!" she finished defiantly.

Denis had moved away from her and he stood still, making no move to touch her. When he spoke his voice was still strange.

"I've lived for a year in the hope of hearing you say this. I've waited and prayed and hung about and clowned for a solid year, hoping you'd get tired of it and say so. I was disgusted with myself for hanging on, but it didn't seem to matter what you did—except that I wanted something different when I married. The night after we left John's house I tried to find out, because you were so sweet with them; but when I asked you, you sort of laughed and brushed them aside."

For a moment Julie was too dazed to grasp the import of what he said. She laughed out, instead, at his injustice.

"I didn't! You asked me as if you were laughing at them, and I was afraid to say what I really thought. It was you who began it; I thought you liked that sort of good time!"

Denis still stood where he was.

"You've been doing all this just to please me?" he asked softly.

"Of course."

"Why?"

She threw everything overboard—pride and reticence and her own empty freedom—because she realised now what he had said to her.

"Because, you idiot, I worship you!"

As he came towards her he laughed with the deep, quiet amusement of maturity.

"A whole year wasted because we started off on the wrong foot. Oh, Julie—"

He broke off because he had reached her.

Even then the truth was unreal. But Denis's arms were real, and there was a difference in them: a strength and gentleness she hadn't known before, that filled the air with a sound of wings.

(Copyright)

Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests Prove New Shampoo's Glorifying Action

Clearly Prove 4 Amazing Advantages

1. 33% more lustrous.
2. Leaves hair silkier.
3. Faster, safer perms.
4. Safeguards hair's elasticity.

Thrill to see your hair glorified by this amazing new shampoo—proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!



SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT: Soap-washed side—dull, lifeless. RIGHT: Colinated side. Hair like silk.

UNIQUE "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam, the other with a fine soap or powder shampoo—gave these amazing results: 1. Hair washed with Colinated foam was up to 33% more lustrous. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Retained natural curl. 4. Took better "perms," faster. Not a soap, not an oil, this new Colinated foam can't make that

gummy, unrisable "scum" of alkaline soaps and powder shampoos. Leaves hair silky—soft and glistening, and twice as thrilling. Washes away completely all dirt, grease and loose dandruff.

Ask your chemist, store or hair-dresser for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo. (Costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

BOVRIL

puts **BEEF** into you

Sketching is the hobby that pays!



We'd like to take a Staff Position or open your own Studio and sell Sketches to Editors, Publishers, Advertisers, etc. If you like Drawing, whatever your age, wherever you live, whether you have had little or no previous Training, STOTT'S can train you for this delightful and lucrative Profession, in your own home.

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell St., Melbourne; 117-119 Castlereagh St., Sydney; 290 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 50 Grenfell St., Adelaide; 251 Murray St., Perth.

POST THIS COUPON—CUT HERE.

To STOTT'S (Nearest Address)

Please send me free and without Obligation full particulars of your Courses in COMMERCIAL ART and Sketching.

My Name

Address

A.W.W.1941.

IF I had had my stern tubes loaded I could have pulled out to one side to get into position for firing. With only bow tubes that wasn't a very promising manoeuvre.

It was about time for him to zig again. If I tried running out to one side at a sharp enough angle to permit me to fire angle shots from the bow tubes a change of course toward me would send him right over me again. If he changed course away from me he would then pass under my stern and just leave me there futilely gnashing my teeth.

The screen was rapidly boxing me in and restricting my choice of action.

"Down periscope. Two knots," I decided to hold on one more minute. The range was decreasing over eight hundred yards a minute. If I got in to three thousand and I was still dead ahead I'd have to do something pretty snappy to retrieve the situation and the destroyers would be right in my way. The palms of my hands commenced to sweat.

The fire control assistants stood ready and alert. There wasn't anything they could do. I couldn't tell them what to do. I didn't know yet myself. A submarine skipper is awfully alone in such a situation. Everybody knew I was in a tight spot. It was getting tighter with every tick of the stop-watch.

I knelt on the deck with the control button for the periscope motor in my right hand, one eye on the stop-watch, my fire control assistant held for me to see. I didn't dare trust my sense of time. Each second seemed an hour. As the eyepiece cleared the deck I squatted lower to look. Holding the periscope up in short jerks I kept my eye glued to the instrument.

The instant I could see I stopped the periscope. We were making dead slow speed. If we were sighted now we would be in a fearful predicament. Not only would the enemy have ample opportunity to avoid, but his destroyers would be in an ideal position to attack. We would be lucky to get out of it with a whole skin.

It was difficult to restrain my impatience. Everything depended upon what had happened since I last looked. If the cruiser had changed course or if she was changing now, I would be sitting pretty. If I was still dead ahead of him I would have to take drastic and immediate action. By the time I did any turning I would be right under his fore foot. About the best I would be able to do would be to dive deep, let him pass over me and chalk it up as a badly fumbled approach.

As the periscope broke water my heart sank. I could see the cruiser's flaring bows headed at me, her masts still right in line. I could see the creamy white roller on either bow. The screen was rapidly boxing me in. Yet as I looked I could see his wicked stem swing around to starboard. He was changing course. Fascinated I watched until he steadied on the new course.

"Angle on the bow twenty port. Range thirty-two hundred, speed twenty-five. Down periscope. Starboard motor ahead full. Port motor stop. Left twenty degree rudder."

Continuing . . . Rendezvous

from page 4

I had him now. He had played right into my hands.

"Pick up the destroyer on the starboard bow, with the listening gear. Keep the bearings coming in."

"Take her down to a hundred feet."

Their port screen would pass right over us. Until that destroyer had gone by that would be my chief worry. If they were alert and expecting it they might even be able to see our hull through the water as they passed overhead.

"Destroyer bearing three zero," the listener reported. "Bearing four five. Bearing five zero."

The bearing was changing as we swung to the new course. Nevertheless a glance at the compass showed me his true bearing was holding constant. I watched the depth gauge as we gained the depth that would let him pass safely over us.

"I can hear him all around the dial, Captain." Then we didn't need the listening gear to hear his screws. He sounded like a subway train as he passed right over our stern. I couldn't put the screen out of my mind. With him safely over us it would be all over before he ever found out what was up.

We were coming in on the firing course. "All stop. Forty-five feet. Stand by the tubes."

I gave her time to lose her way and watched the depth gauge as the diving officer brought her smartly up. "Up periscope!"

I didn't waste a glance at the destroyer. My eyes were on the cruiser. Down she came all unaware that anything was amiss. I was well inside the screen. The range was only six hundred yards. I adjusted my periscope to the right offset angle. Behind me there was dead silence. "Fire One." What a load off my mind.

I felt an icy calm as I got off all four of my torpedoes in rapid succession. I was almost certain of a hit.

Suddenly I could see white smoke puff from the cruiser's anti-aircraft battery. She wasn't firing at me. I could plainly see the men at the guns. I swung my periscope around to look at the destroyer.

She gave me the shock of my life because she wasn't at all where she should have been. She was up on my beam about seven hundred yards away and turning, turning fast under full rudder. She was turning in toward the cruiser with her inboard after deck rail nearly under water.

A glance told me that the completion of her turn would bring her very close to my position. Moreover, she would pass almost exactly through the same water my torpedoes were travelling. She had but to follow the torpedo track and she would end up right over me in

a position to depth charge the devil out of us.

She must have commenced her turn as soon as she passed over us. Why? I suppose I'll never know. Some chance manoeuvre perhaps. Certainly we hadn't been sighted or the cruiser would have made an effort to dodge.

"Down periscope!" I shouted. "Take her down to a hundred feet."

As the periscope was coming down I saw what they were shooting at. It was Bob Watkins in the patrol plane. He was coming down on the destroyer in the closest thing to a dive he could get out of his heavy plane. All his guns were spouting flame. With a plane as manoeuvrable as an ice truck he was making a straining attack on a destroyer, facing the gunfire of three ships, at an altitude that wouldn't much more than clear the destroyer's masts.

Before the periscope was down we heard the multiple thuds of the torpedoes getting home on the cruiser. I had almost forgotten them myself. The enemy was so preoccupied with the plane that I'll bet the explosion was the first inkling that they had that a submarine was present.

The Neptune was hard up against it, and with every tick of the stop-watch things became worse.

Bob's manoeuvre had done that much. Besides, if his strafing got home on the destroyer's bridge she would be out of control at least long enough for me to get safely away. It was magnificent but it wasn't war. The fool, the utter fool. There wasn't a prayer that he could get away with it.

I got down to a hundred feet and the depth charges that I had been expecting never came, not close at any rate. We heard a series of muffled explosions some distance away. They may have been depth charges, but they may have been the cruiser's boilers going up.

I came around to the reverse of the cruiser's course as soon as I was down at a hundred feet and I stayed down there for a good ten minutes after I had fired. After delivering a successful attack my job was to get my ship out of there safely and my curiosity could wait. Play them safe and I'd have a ship under my feet to some day sink another cruiser.

Everything had been quiet for some time before I ventured to plane up and have a look. The listener reported that he couldn't hear the cruiser's propellers but the destroyers were buzzing away back there where we had left them. I had no trouble picking them up as soon as the periscope broke water. The cruiser was slowly turning over to starboard and it wouldn't be long before she was finished.

The destroyers were standing by, picking up the survivors out of the water. That was all right with me and I wasn't going to interfere. For safety I took a sweep around the horizon before I went back down to a hundred feet.

I think I would have missed the patrol plane if it hadn't been for the enemy plane diving down at her. Bob Watkins had been shot down, but somehow he had made a couple of miles before he had set his plane down on the water. As the low swell lifted her I could see her stretched out on the water like a wounded bird and that cursed observation plane was diving down on her, ripping her up and down with machine-gun bullets as she lay helpless in the water.

I guess I must have lost my temper. Machine-gunning that helpless plane seemed so much like wanton murder. As long as there was any possibility of his doing them any damage they had every right to dish out any punishment they could to him. But the patrol plane was obviously permanently out of action. There wasn't even the excuse of preventing salvage. Any time the

destroyers got around to it, they could steam over and pick up the plane crew as prisoners of war. They could sink the plane then, too, if Watkins hadn't already attended to it.

The enemy had simply gone berserk at the thought that Bob had outfought and outflown two planes, and helped lead the cruiser into a death trap. They were out to wipe him out in retaliation and cold-blooded murder couldn't undo what he had done.

"Take her down to a hundred feet. All ahead full speed."

It was going to take me twelve or fifteen minutes at my best speed to get over to the plane. Never did I feel so frustrated by our slow submerged speed. But I kept her down deep so the observation plane wouldn't see us and plugged along as fast as I could go.

When I figured I was about there I slowed down and came up for another look. We were pretty close aboard. I could see that they had abandoned the plane in their little rubber boat and were paddling away from it as fast as they could.

Even as I looked the observation plane dove down again reluctantly to the attack. The after gun of the patrol plane was still manned and firing at him as he came, and I could see Bob Watkins in the cockpit, his arm raised in some sort of signal.

"Stand by for battle surface! Get the machine-guns ready to go up and repel strafing attack. Deck force stand by to rescue plane's crew."

I hadn't told anybody what was going on. They may have been surprised, but that didn't slow them down any. I remember Gant passing by me to take his ready position beneath the gun access hatch. He grinned at me as though he was remembering that I had told him we wouldn't use the gun.

I ran up the periscope and manoeuvred in submerged until I had a position between the boat and the plane. "Surface!" The diving officer brought her up with a rush. I turned from the periscope and dashed up the ladder to the conning tower. I could see the water level at the conning tower eye ports.

"Open the hatch."

I heaved up on the bridge and machine-guns were right behind me. The water was still running off the deck, but the first of the gun's crew was already at the gun, casting off the breech cover.

"Target is the destroyer on the starboard bow."

The gunnery officer, just coming on the bridge behind the machine-gunnery, would have to fight that battle. I had other things on my mind. I reached over and gave the wheel a flip to see if I had steering control on the bridge and the quartermaster was behind me to take the wheel from my hands.

"All stop. Come right handsomely and lay her bow alongside the boat."

"All motors stopped," he reported back as calmly as though we were coming alongside the pier back home. "Coming right handsomely."

The gun got off the first shot just as I got the boat alongside. The plane crew scrambled up the deck and my own men hurried them along to the gun access hatch.

"The skipper is in the ship!" they shouted at me. "The skipper is in the ship." I can still picture one man who stood with feet wide apart on the deck, resisting the efforts of my people to hurry him below. "The skipper is still in the ship!" he kept on yelling at me.

"O.K.," I answered. "I'll get him." And then he went below without any further argument.

I was going to get him, but not without a lot more trouble. The roar of the observation plane's motors increased to a screaming crescendo. The machine-guns on my own bridge opened up. I jumped down beside the quartermaster, pushed the motor annunciator handles up to standard ahead, and just pointed to the plane. He understood.

The cruiser's plane was coming over in a dive, spraying machine-gun bullets out of everything he had, but the quartermaster never batted an eye. I turned away from the quartermaster and crouched down on the port side of the bridge to keep out of the way of my forward machine-gunner.

THE plane was coming in over the starboard bow. As she flattened out her dive, commencing to pull up, I noticed that my after machine-gunner was unable to bring his gun to bear because the periscope shears were between him and the plane. He crouched behind his gun, ready and waiting until the course of the plane would bring her down along the port side. As she swept over the deck from starboard to port he let her have it. I expect I'll never see as fine a wing shot. The plane never pulled out of the dive. She seemed to waver for an instant and then continued her dive right into the sea, like a kingfisher coming down on his prey.

I never thought that I would be bloodthirsty enough to enjoy seeing men die like that, but I confess that I felt only grim satisfaction then.

The sudden cessation of noise was a physical sensation.

"Rig in the bow planes," I shouted down to the control-room. "Get the machine-guns below!"

The first salvo from the destroyer arrived. They were away over, but it wouldn't take them long to spot on. I was abruptly aware that it was too quiet. Our gun had ceased firing. Leaning over the bridge I could see that there was a lot of confusion at the gun. I heard the gunnery officer shout: "Let the deck force get the wounded men below. Resume fire. Range three five double oh. Scale five three."

And then I had to turn back to my immediate job. We had our bow almost alongside the plane's after cockpit. I stopped the motors. There was a man standing up in the cockpit and I shouted for him to jump in the water and swim for us. He waved his arms and shouted something in return and I let the submarine come on in to bring her bow alongside with a healthy crash.

The man in the cockpit made the difficult scramble to our deck, pausing whenever he could get a foothold to help Bob Watkins, who followed behind. Then I could see why he hadn't jumped, for Bob had the use of only one arm, and he would have had a hard time making it alone.

The instant their feet touched the deck I commenced backing down. "Put one shell into the plane," I shouted to the gun's crew, "and then get below!" The gun swung round and ploughed a raking shot right up the fuselage of the plane, from so close a range that the gun blast blew in the plane's thin structure. If anyone was going to have souvenirs of that plane they would be in mighty small pieces.

I saw then that one of the destroyers was sinking. Our ammunition was exhausted, so if we could dodge the other destroyer I felt I should call it a good day's work.

A salvo landed short and close aboard. The shell fragments whistled through the air and crashed through the superstructure plates. I saw the last of the gun crew making for the gun access hatch. I dropped down to the conning tower. The diving alarm wailed.

For the next little while I had no thought but of getting deep enough to be out of sight of the destroyers.

Then the sight of Bob Watkins, grinning at me as complacent as ever, seemed to strike me suddenly all of a heap.

"You champion idiot!" I said. "How come you tried to take on three ships at once with nothing but machine-gun fire?"

"Oh, that," he replied. "Well, you see, while I was playing ring around a rosy with the observation plane I happened to get right over you when you came to periscope depth in the wake of the destroyer. My bombardier picked you up right away. The destroyer was already turning in towards you as fast as she could, and I thought maybe you had been sighted or you soon would be. I know how much you hate to be disturbed when you get all set to fire torpedoes, so I came on in to give them something else to think about."

"You ought to get a court," I retorted angrily. "Anybody who takes a patrol plane into an unsupported strafing attack against two destroyers and a cruiser is an unmitigated fool."

"How about a guy who will take a submarine into a surface engagement with two destroyers just to rescue the crew of one cracked-up plane?" he countered.

"That's different," I answered. "There was a distant rumble of another depth charge."

"It won't be if those depth charges get any closer," he contended.

(Copyright)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 163-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

PAIN

that kept her in bed.

Terrible, dragging spasms so bad she missed a day from work every month.



Discover for yourself the complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little Myzone tablets. When you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness . . . let Myzone's marvellous **acterin** (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort without "doping."



"It's remarkable how Myzone banishes that languid, despondent feeling! It is science's greatest gift to women!"

Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

DEAF?

"CHICO" INVISIBLE EARPHONES, 21/- PAIR.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Amazingly effective. Guaranteed lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEARS EARPHONE CO., No. 51, State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney.



THREE tempting and decorative cakes that are bound to be an instant success with the family and your friends, and ideal donations for the cake stall. They are all quite simple to make, and recipes for the light fruit cake, chocolate layer cake, and silver sponge sheet are given below.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

With Minted Frosting.

Six ounces butter, 8oz. brown sugar, 3 eggs, 3oz. cooking chocolate, 1 cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 16oz. flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar well and gradually add well-beaten eggs. Melt grated chocolate in boiling water, cool slightly and add to egg mixture. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and soda three times. Add to chocolate mixture alternately with milk and essence. Stir quickly and well. Cook in three greased sandwich tins in moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. When cold join and cover with minted frosting.

Minted Frosting: 1½ cups sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice or 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 egg-whites, 1 tablespoon water, peppermint essence and green coloring.

Place egg-whites, sugar, and water in a basin and beat over boiling water until it thickens. Add cream of tartar or lemon juice and beat to spreading consistency. Add peppermint essence to taste, about 6 drops, and color a delicate green. Quickly join and top cakes with frostings.

SILVER SPONGE SHEET

Three eggs, 1 cup cold water, 11 cups sugar, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon almond or vanilla essence.

Separate egg-yolks and whites. Beat yolks until creamy and gradually add water, beating well. Beat in sugar and continue beating until mixture thickens. Add essence and fold in sifted flour. Add baking powder and salt to egg-whites, beating until stiff. Fold into mixture. Pour into a buttered slab tin (10in. square) or swiss roll tin. Cook in moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. When cold top

with a light fluffy frosting and cut into squares or triangles.

WHOLEMEAL DATE AND NUT LOAF

Four ounces wholemeal flour, 4oz. white flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon mixed spices, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 egg, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup boiling water.

Sift flours, baking powder, and spices. Add nuts and beaten egg. Melt butter and treacle in water, pour over dates and stir into flour. Place at once in two greased nut-loaf tins and cook in a moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) for 35 minutes.

FEATHER TEA CAKE

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon melted butter, vanilla, cinnamon, brown sugar.

Separate white from yolk of egg, add a pinch of salt to white and beat until stiff. Gradually beat in sugar and then egg-yolk. Add milk gradually and fold in well-sifted flour and lastly tablespoon of melted butter. Pour into a greased sandwich tin and cook in upper half of moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) for 20-25 minutes. While hot brush with butter and sprinkle with cinnamon and brown sugar. Serve while fresh.

SOFT ORANGE GINGERBREAD

Twelve ounces flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2½ teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. butter, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 cup treacle, 2oz. candied orange peel.

Sift flour, soda, ginger and baking powder well. Rub in butter and add sugar and orange rind. Warm treacle and add to beaten egg, milk and orange juice; add to flour mixture, stirring lightly to a soft dough,

Cook in two bar or small loaf tins which have been lined with greased paper. Sprinkle candied orange peel on top. Cook in moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 30-40 minutes.

LEMON SEED CAKE

Five ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon cheese, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon caraway seeds, 1 cup milk, 8oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt.

Cream butter and sugar well, and gradually add well-beaten eggs. Add lemon cheese and lemon rind, and then caraway seeds. Lastly stir in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk. Cook in two greased bar tins in moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

WINDMILL CANDY SPONGE

Four ounces flour, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 heaped teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 tablespoons boiling milk, 2 or 3 drops almond essence, 3 eggs. Candy topping and fresh or mock cream.

Separate egg-yolks and whites, and beat whites until stiff, but not dry. Whip in sugar gradually. When thick beat in egg-yolks. Add essence and then fold in well-sifted flour, cornflour, baking powder, and salt. Fold in boiling milk and melted butter. Cook in two greased sandwich tins in a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 20-50 minutes. When cold, fill and top with cream and arrange candy in windmill or wheel fashion on top.

WINDMILL CANDY TOPPING

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, pinch of cream of tartar or ½ teaspoon lemon juice.

Boil sugar, water, and cream of tartar until amber color. Pour into a well-greased sandwich tin, and when beginning to set, mark into eight triangles. When cold, cut into sections.

PATRIOTIC CAKES

are good money-raising recipes

● Come to the fair is the tune that belongs to these busy spring days. And the cake stall is a great money raiser for patriotic and social service auxiliaries. This is the stall that calls for much last-minute rush, but for it to be a success its organiser must plan her stock well beforehand.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

POPULAR sales always include sponges, moist chocolate cakes, and light fruit cakes. The cakes must be the type that are easily handled and packed. Fillings and toppings must look luscious but be simple and not easily spoilt in transit.

Pricing is important, for prices should show a good margin over cost of making.

Expensive cakes can be sold in halves or quarters, and rich fruit cakes by weight.

We know our recipes will disappear like hot cakes at home or at the fair.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, 3 or 4 eggs, 1-3rd cup milk, 8oz. mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 12oz. self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar well, and add beaten eggs slowly. Add mixed fruit and lemon rind and then sifted flour alternately with milk. Cook in moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) in two bar tins for 35 minutes, or in one loaf or 6in. cake tin for 1½ hours.

More recipes cols. 1, 2, and 3.

"YOURS FOR SERVICE"

"Soup 'Aboy'—tempting Rosella Tomato—delightful as a pretty girl and dependable as the Navy for quality.

The rich creamy goodness of Rosella Tomato Soup always appeals, and Rosella Soups are double strength, double value—twice as much soup from every can. Serve it often—also Rosella Vegetable, Celery, Pea, Game, Oxtail, Asparagus.

Rosella
PURE FOODS
AUSTRALIAN TOMATO SOUP
Rosella
OVER 100 PURE FOODS

Delicious sweet wins first prize

THIS fascinating best recipe competition is open to everybody.

All you have to do is write out your pet recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

First prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

APPLES IN FLAMES

Four apples, 1 pint water, 6oz. sugar, 1 tablespoonful rum.

Put sugar and water in a deep baking pan, place in oven and allow

sugar to dissolve. Core apples and peel them, place them in hot syrup, baste them well, and cook in a moderate oven till tender, basting frequently, taking care to keep them whole. Lift them out of the syrup, arrange them in a pyramid on a fireproof dish and keep them hot.

Reduce syrup till a thick syrup is formed, pour this over the apples, and sprinkle with a little sugar. Pour rum over hot apples and apply a match, then serve immediately.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, Nth. Caulfield, Vic.

BUFFET LOAF

One and a half tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 2 cups boiling water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons limejuice, 1½ cups cooked lamb, chopped, ½ cup walnut meats, chopped, 6 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup mayonnaise, parsley.

Soften gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Add boiling water and stir until well dissolved. Add salt and limejuice, and allow to cool. When mixture begins to congeal, fold in lamb, nut meats, and eggs together with mayonnaise. Place mixture in a mould and chill till firm. Unmould and garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Graham, c/o Mrs. R. A. Bell, Contingent St., Trafalgar, Vic.

COCONUT VANITIES

One and a half cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, unbeaten, grated rind 1 orange, 1 cup milk, ½ cup orange juice, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-white (stiffly beaten), shredded coconut.

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder and sift together 3 times. Cream butter and sugar together, add egg, and beat until fluffy. Add orange rind. Add flour alternately with milk and orange juice, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Pour into greased pan. Cover with a thin layer of meringue, made by beating sugar into egg-white. Sprinkle with coconut. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. When cool cut into diamond-shaped pieces.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Uren, Clarence Gardens, S.A.

HONEY AND ALMOND ROUGHS

One cup of wheatmeal, 1 cup of coconut, 1 cup of chopped almonds, ½ cup white flour, 4oz. butter, 3 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda.

Mix dry ingredients in a basin. Heat butter, water, honey and add soda, and pour mixture while foaming into dry ingredients. Put small teaspoonfuls on warm tray and bake 15 minutes in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Winifred Blaubaum, 8 Lanoma St., East Launceston, Tas.

PRUNE CHUTNEY

One pound prunes, 1lb. onions, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. sugar, 2 cloves garlic, 1 teaspoonful salt, cayenne to taste, 1 pint vinegar, 1oz. cloves.

The cloves in muslin and soak them with prunes in just enough water to cover. Next day boil juice that remains with cloves until reduced to half amount, then remove bag of cloves. Stone and chop prunes and raisins and chop onions, then boil all ingredients together gently until whole mass is soft and thick, and onions are quite cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Henson, Fremantle Rd., Armadale, W.A.

OATMEAL DATE CAKES

Two cups rolled oats, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup lard, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, ½ cup milk, enough flour to make a stiff dough.

Filling: 1lb. dates, 1 cup water, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Wash and stone dates, add sugar and water, and cook to a paste.

Cream butter and lard together, add sugar and cream well. Add rolled oats, then baking powder sifted together alternately with milk. Use enough flour to form a stiff dough. Place on lightly-floured board, roll out to ¼-inch thick. Put filling in half, cover over with other half and cut in squares. Bake in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Cavanagh, Pickwick, Sth. Kuminin, W.A.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

AFTER a day out of doors your hands are likely to look rough and chapped. To combat this, Ann Rutherford, MGM starlet, uses fresh lemon. She cuts it in halves and rubs vigorously all over the hands.



Do not brush mud-stains off cloth until dry. A weak solution of borax and water will help to remove obstinate marks.

BOOT-POLISH stains on the ankles of silk stockings can be removed by rubbing the stains with methylated spirit, which dissolves the wax in the polish.

TWO tablespoonfuls from the just-boiled porridge will bind the breakfast rissoles and save eggs. For a change add a little flour and roll in breadcrumbs before frying.

DONT waste stale scones, however dry. Put some fat into a pan, bring to boiling point, cut each scone in halves, sprinkle with salt and drop into boiling fat. Turn when brown and serve very hot. Tasty and economical.

OLIVE oil mixed with salt will remove heat-marks from a polished table top. You just cover the marks with salt and oil, leave for a few hours, and afterwards polish in the usual way.

STRAIN left-over tea into bottles, add a teaspoonful of glycerine to each pint of tea and you have an excellent window-cleaning fluid which will also keep flies off the glass.

LIQUID nail-polish which has solidified through evaporation will liquefy again if a little methylated spirit is added and the bottle shaken well.

AFTER dirty work, clean hands with olive oil and castor sugar; then massage them with soap lather in warm water.

His "NERVES" nearly spoilt everything!

TOM AND BETTY PLANNED TO BUY THEIR OWN HOME SOMEDAY. THEY WERE GETTING CLOSE TO IT WHEN TOM BEGAN TO FEEL RUN-DOWN-"NERVY"...



Jump, ragged nerves are a sure sign of Night-Starvation. If you wake in the morning tired, if you get run down, irritable, if your nerves are ragged and jump, then start drinking Horlicks every night before you go to bed. Horlicks replaces the energy lost during sleep—and so your sleep becomes really beneficial and recuperative. This energising, well-balanced food will keep your nerves calm and steady. Horlicks will give you the extra vitality you need to carry on in these difficult times. Start drinking Horlicks to-night.



HORLICKS guards against NIGHT-STARVATION helps resist the strain



"Wish I could talk AND I'D TELL THEM A THING OR TWO"

"Fancy trying to get me to take castor oil. Why everybody ought to know that Laxettes are best for babies."

"They're great things, these Laxettes. They taste just like delicious chocolates. And they're so mild and gentle that a fellow might easily think they are chocolates. And gosh—they're good! They clear up tummy troubles in no time. There's no pain—no griping—no tummy aches. And best of all, a fellow feels comfortable afterwards; they don't overact and they bring lasting relief."

Laxettes are the ideal laxative for children. They're mild and safe—free from harsh purgatives and irritants. For wisest buying, ask for the 1/7d. Standard size, containing 18 tablets. It lasts longer and is the handiest size for every home.



LAXETTES
Correct FAULTY ELIMINATION

STANDARD SIZE (18 Tablets) 1/7d. TRIAL SIZE 6d.



L41-2



A GLAMOROUS STUDY of Mary Beth Hughes (20th Century-Fox). On this page Mary, assisted by MGM starlet Jo Ann Sayers, shows how she keeps her lovely figure.



EXCELLENT EXERCISE to slim the thighs and keep back muscles strong. Place a rolling-pin under the back, and, keeping the feet firm, twist body slowly from side to side with an even, rolling motion.

LIMBER UP FOR LOVELINESS

By JANETTE

• Examine your figure critically and see if it is taut and slender; see if there is any superfluous flesh or if there are ugly bones showing too plainly.

THE modern ideal is for long, sinuous lines, well balanced, and gently curved.

Exercises have this advantage over dieting—that with them you can take off or put on weight just where you want it; slim your hips, give yourself slender arms or waist, and make all your measurements as you wish.

It is absolutely essential for your health as well as your beauty to exercise those tummy muscles till they are strong enough to hold your abdomen firm and flat.

Watch your hipline

WITH the hips the trouble is usually the extra fat which accumulates. The exercises designed for reducing hips are for breaking down the fatty tissue as much as for strengthening the muscles. The same applies to your arms and shoulder-blades.

Remember quite the hardest thing about exercises is making up your mind to do them. All sorts of excuses come along; you'll start tomorrow when you feel less tired; you'll be disturbing the people in the next room; you'll begin in the summer when it's warmer. Take a firm grip on yourself and start right away.

It's a grand help to have a gramophone or a radio band playing while you exercise—waltz-time is excellent for the long, rhythmic movements, jazz for the short, quick exercises.

Begin gently with just a few; don't rush so violently at it that you're miserably stiff all the next day. Work regularly—five minutes every day is much better than twenty minutes every four days.



WHILE MARY balances on the table, leaning as far forward as possible, Jo Ann holds her arms erect while she lowers her body to the table level, raising and lowering the legs at the same time. This develops the chest and gives firmness to the bust and abdomen.



RAISE LEGS and keep shoulders flat on the table. If the legs are pushed backwards it combines leg exercise with hip-reducing.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Good mastication

EARLY training of the powers of mastication in a baby and in the two-year-old is very important.

It often needs patient efforts to train a child to like hard foods instead of the easily and quickly swallowed sloppy foods.

The progressive development of the power of mastication is the special feature of the second year, and upon it depends the future digestive power, health, and strength of the individual.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free, if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



MARY BETH HUGHES lies flat on the floor while Jo Ann Sayers lifts and lowers her by pulling the body up in a semi-arc. A grand exercise to flatten the torso, and give grace to the figure.



The gay chattering of the crowd died away and they were alone at last. "You're so lovely", he said, "could I but have you all to myself for evermore!"

THE STORY THAT MADE SUSIE THINK:

"WHY COULDN'T THIS BE ME?"

IN FIVE LOVELY SHADES

Rachel, Peach, Brunette, Suntan and Natural

AND IT COULD BE! Love like this is not reserved for fiction—it is the right of every girl. Women who find such happiness are not always the most beautiful—but those who know how to look fascinating and well-groomed, with a petal finish to their skin. For even a plain complexion takes on a satin-like smoothness with Erasmic Face Powder.

Beneath the spot-lights of the ballroom, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its fragrance surrounding you with an aura that seems a very part of your personal dearness.

ERASMIC CREAM (VANISHING AND COLD) 1/1 TUBE



ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/1

EJ339

"Medico" Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, what causes a birthmark? My sister's baby has a strawberry mark on the cheek. My sister had a craving for strawberries before the baby was born, and she is afraid now that it is because of this that her child is marked. Would that be possible?

DOCTOR: Because the cause of birthmarks is obscure, a great many superstitions have arisen concerning them. Many people still believe they are connected with incidents which have occurred during pregnancy.

If, for instance, as in this case, a baby is born with a vascular birthmark it will be attributed by the mother to her own unsatisfied longing for strawberries.

If a baby has a hairy pigmented mole its mother will often recall and relate how, before the child was born, she was scared by a mouse.

Such superstitions have been handed down from generation to generation, but there is no scientific basis for them.

"Birthmarks" do not necessarily appear at birth, in spite of their name. They may not put in an

about BIRTHMARKS

appearance until middle age. Small marks are very common and usually yield readily to treatment. Large ones are difficult to treat and may be very disfiguring.

Whether a birthmark should be treated or not depends entirely on its location and type.

One variety is the vascular type already referred to. Many babies are born with a flat "port wine" stain on the face or neck. A birthmark like this is not dangerous, and is not likely to spread, and so it is usually best left alone.

They are difficult to move, and if treated may leave quite a large scar, usually more disfiguring than the defect itself.

Another type of vascular birthmark is more readily treated. This is the so-called "spider mark" with its radiating blood vessels. Spider marks can be destroyed completely by electric treatment without scarring. An anaesthetic is often necessary. Babies take anaesthetics very well.

"Strawberry" marks have a soft, spongy appearance as they consist of a raised mass of blood vessels.

They usually grow rapidly, and are best treated either by electric needles or by radium, but the earlier they are treated the better chance there is of removing them successfully.

Moles are another very common type of birthmark.

The hairy type is more common, and a hairy mole may be as small as a pin-head, or it may cover a large part of the body. Birthmarks of this type may be treated if necessary, and they are seldom dangerous.

The "dangerous" birthmark is the smooth, hairless, blue-black or slate-colored one. Such marks, if irritated, may give rise to cancer, and a sudden change—such as bleeding, darkening in color, or ulceration of a blue-black mark—needs prompt attention.

These marks are most troublesome if they are on parts of the body where they are exposed to constant irritation, especially round the mouth and between the legs.

Any person in doubt as to whether or not to treat birthmarks should consult only an experienced authority on the subject.

Although the actual cause of birthmarks is uncertain, it is quite definite that no mother can "mark" her baby in any way.



ANNETTE has been bitten by an insect, and sisters Emilie and Cecile look on while the nurse rubs the spot with alcohol to stop bleeding and relieve itching. Quins are given added protection against small insects that get through ordinary screens by keeping doors and windows closed and aerating their rooms with portable air-conditioning units.

You should grow more CULINARY HERBS

● Supplies of culinary herbs from foreign lands having ceased, most housewives are finding it necessary either to grow their own or go without these tasty little leaves.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

AS most herbs are easily grown and will thrive anywhere in Australia, from the tropical zone down as far south as our boundaries extend, there is no need for anyone to go without.

The dried herbs that came from overseas consisted almost entirely of sage, thyme, and marjoram, but occasionally they were built up with dried celery, mint, coriander, parsley, and peppermint.

Military canteens in the Middle East have consistently asked for large quantities of culinary herbs in order to balance the diet of soldiers, but as supplies here are exhausted women connected with various State organisations are trying to arouse interest among home gardeners, junior farmers, Girl Guides, and commercial growers, to grow more herbs, and make them available to the committees formed so that these supplies can be sent out to make the food of our fighters more palatable and nutritious.

Any good garden loam will produce these herbs during summer months, but they should be set out without delay before the warm weather sets in. Sage, thyme, and marjoram can be grown from seed, rooted divisions or cuttings, but the quickest method is from rooted cuttings.

Marjoram, sage, and thyme are perennials, but sage is not as hardy as thyme, and needs more protection and attention during the growing period.

If sowing seed, use rich, friable soil, sow the seed about quarter to half-inch deep, and cover lightly with sandy soil containing some well-sieved decayed manure.

Weed regularly

WEEDING is important during the growing period, and all foreigners should be removed from the seed boxes or beds as soon as they appear.

When the plants are big enough to handle, prick them out into well-prepared beds about one foot apart, and water well. Good drainage and shelter from frosts, cold winds, and hot winds are some of the ingredients for success.

The leaf herbs are ready for picking and drying when the flower buds are forming, but before they have opened. At this stage the leaves are usually plump, green, and mature.

They should be gathered when dry, not when wet with dew, or after rain or watering. At the same time do not allow them to become heated by the sun, for under those con-

ditions the leaves will have become robbed of some of their fragrant oil.

Oven drying, which was once largely recommended here, should be avoided at all cost. Plump green leaves need to be dried slowly or they lose all their fragrance and flavor-imparting qualities.

In Europe the branches or twigs are cut and suspended from rafters in cool, dry sheds. Draughts and wind should be excluded as boisterous winds cause shedding of the leaves and loss of fragrance.

When thoroughly dry the herbs should be bottled and corked tightly.

Seed herbs

IF growing herbs of which only the seeds are used, such as celery, caraway, coriander, angelica, anise, chervil, dill, fennel, lovage, parsley, and samphire, let the heads develop well until the color indicates ripeness, and when dry thresh lightly with a light cane to separate the seeds from the stems. Then bottle tightly.

There are many other leaf herbs besides sage, thyme, and marjoram, the best known being balm, basil, catmint, clary, horehound, hyssop, lavender, sweet marjoram (an annual), penny-royal, peppermint, rosemary, spearmint, summer savory, and winter savory. All are easily grown in Australia.

Besides these, five members of the lily family are often used as culinary herbs. These are chives, ciboule (Welsh onion), garlic, rocambole, and eschalots. Of these, chives and garlic are probably the best known. Chives are small bulbous plants, somewhat resembling the onion in appearance and flavor, but with none of its weaknesses.

Only the outside leaves of chives are used. These may be pulled from time to time as required, and are delicious if placed in sandwiches or mixed with salad stuffs.

A strong committee has been formed by the Australian Canteens Service Central Control, of Melbourne, to encourage the growing, processing and packing of herbs, and the Country Women's Association of N.S.W. has formed a committee in Sydney for a similar purpose.

Already the dried herbs processed in Melbourne have been described as greatly superior to any imported herbs. The N.S.W. Department of Agriculture is assisting the committee in that State, and has made several experts available to help them in the work. Members of horticultural societies, vegetable-growers' organisations, and gardening writers are also co-operating.

For Brighter Days Ahead..

MOYGASHMEL

S-P-R-I-N-G-B-A-K

L I N E N S

N-O-N-K-R-U-S-H

R A Y O N S

Hurray for Spring and a change into lighter, brighter clothes and a special cheer for Moygashel Linens and Rayons that look like linen, and have a non-crushing, crease-resisting finish. Moygashel Rayons are 'Tested-Quality' fabrics made with Courtaulds yarns so that, like the linens, you can wash them, wear them and know they won't shrink, stretch or fade. Dress and suit weight and, of course, in a multitude of delightful shades.



If unable to obtain Moygashel Fabrics at your store, write direct to Box 3323 PP, G.P.O., Sydney, Box 2480 F, G.P.O., Melbourne.

STEVENSON & SON LTD., MOYGASHMEL MILLS, NORTHERN IRELAND

Be clever with those odd corners

IN practically every house there is a difficult corner—perhaps a room is too small to permit all the required furniture, or a balcony that seems to have no practical use, or a front door that seems inhospitable.

In old houses there are often odd rooms, old-fashioned corners here and there that often seem to defeat the tidy mind of the modern housewife. Here are some ways to treat them.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



IN MANY HOUSES and flats there is the space problem. Many women would like to have a desk in their bedrooms, but find that there is no room to put it. Here is a most attractive table desk, which is made of tiny scintillating mirrors. The compact inside fittings of the desk are done in deep cream wood to tone with the delicate furnishings of the room.



HOW OFTEN have you seen those tiny semicircular balconies in flats and homes, and heard the owners remark that they were unable to make use of them? Here is a small balcony overlooking the harbor, which has been furnished with small, delicate wrought-iron chairs and a tiny glass-topped wrought-iron table, and so provides a sunny nook for breakfasts and morning tea in the open air.



VICTORIAN POSIES for the dinner table. They are made with small bunches of mixed flowers. Two wide-mouthed goblets were chosen, the centres cut from two paper d'oyleys, and the heads of the flowers threaded through to represent a Victorian posy.



INSTEAD of making the children put all their toys away in a cupboard, teach them to arrange them neatly and artistically on the shelves of a modern lacquered bookshelf. They will not only keep them tidier than before, but will take a pleasure in the bright appearance of the nursery.



CAPITALISE on the Old-World charm of a fuel stove. Tie your bundles of herbs up with bright ribbon and suspend them from the shelf over your newly-blackened stove. Copper pans and pots placed on your shining stove make a brave show, and look unique in your otherwise modern kitchen.



IN MANY HOUSES the front door lacks charm. Here a plain door has been relieved by a knocker of wrought-iron, painted cream to contrast with the tan wood. On each side of the door is a welcome bowl with flowers making a splash of color on the cream walls, and cypresses in gay green pots.



THE SLIDING DOORS close, and the desk looks like a luxury cabinet. With the doors opened, a roomy writing-desk is revealed.

OLD ICE CHEST



NEW ICE CHEST



DYNAMEL

Your one tin of Dynamel does so many jobs that the cost of each is amazingly low. Dynamel is better than enamel. Goes twice as far. Dries twice as hard. Lasts twice as long. When you Dynamel your ice chest, ask for special White Dynamel for the interior.

If you have any Home Decoration problems at all, just write to Anne Stewart, our famous expert on Home Decoration, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, N.S.W.





Pond's "LIPS"

— Stays on Longer

Pond's "Lips" will break men's hearts, but never your own—because Pond's "Lips" stay on much longer. Eating, smoking, kissing—your Pond's "Lips" always glow with warm, intriguing colour. And Pond's "Lips" are as glamorous under the sunlight as under the glare of electric light. Each shade is blended scientifically to keep its rich, intriguing colour. Six shades to choose from.



MAKE THIS TEST

Apply Pond's Lipstick to your palm beside any other lipsticks. Leave on four minutes. Wipe off excess with tissue, then see for yourself which leaves a deeper, permanent colouring.



Pond's Lipstick—

Stays on Longer

*you said: "It must have the finest
softest texture of all"*

*so we made this
Powder to your order!*

"If you were having your face powder made to order, which features would you specially ask for?" That is the question we asked thousands of Australian women before we prepared Pond's New Improved Face Powder. And do you know what their answers were? They said, "Give us—1. The softest, finest texture possible. 2. Powder that clings for hours. 3. A glare-proof powder that flatters just as much in the sunshine as under electric lights.

4. We want a wide choice of skin tones." Try Pond's New Improved Face Powder. Six attractive shades to choose from, and it's sold at all chemists and stores.



POND'S FACE POWDER

New and Improved

Made by the makers of Pond's famous Creams

